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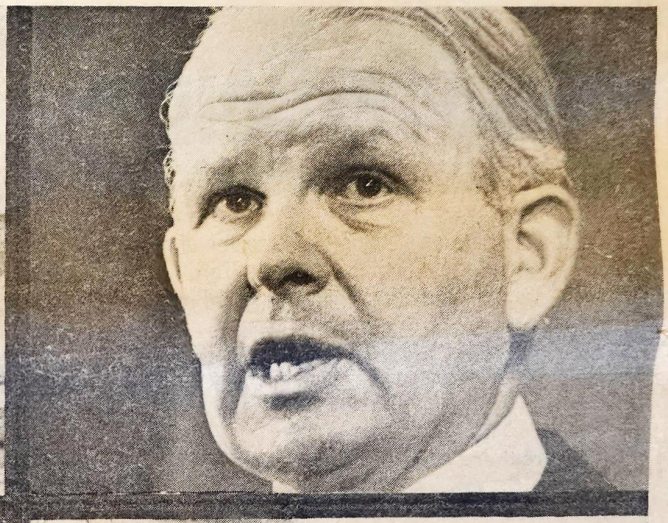
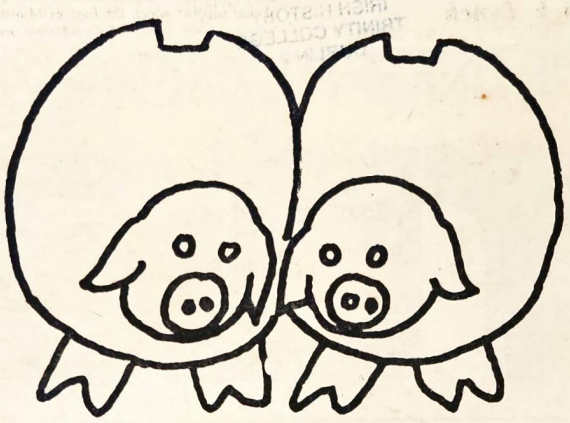


THE NORTH: RULE OF THE GUN



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Letters to the Editor

Political Prisoners

Sir,—In modern times we have become accustomed to government and newspapers lying, but one likes to think that the hallowed country of one's ancestors is immune. Thus, I was disillusioned by Proinsias Mac Aonghusa's (May 14) statements to the effect that there are thousands of political prisoners in the United States. The term " political prisoner" in this context is a distortion, since it implies conditions similar to the Ulster tragedy or the Soviet labour camps, where there are political prisoners in the correct sense of the term. If Mac Aonghusa is referring to such as the Chicago 7, let it be noted that these individuals and others of their persuasion—are free on bail while their convictions are being appealed. If Mac Aonghusa is thinking of the Berrigan group, there are less than a score of such now in jail.

The Berrigans were tried and found guilty of breaking into draft board files and destroying these records. They are serving sentences for these acts. Whether one approves of the Berrigan group or not, the point is that they, as they themselves readily admit, violated and destroyed property deliberately. Philip Berrigan has never been tortured (or threatened with torture) as Mac Aonghusa claims. Even the I. F. Stone sheet admit that no torturing (or hints of it) has been involved. All of this should be clarified in the interests of Erin-America relations. Mac Aonghusa's prevarications are morally reprehensible and blatantly dishonest; they are worthy only of Pravda or some Red Chinese gazette. Let not the citizens of Erin be misled. But do I take Mac Aonghusa's fantasies too seriously? Does perhaps the poor man overly tipple? Or is he perhaps occasionally given to seeing the wee people in the foggy dew?—Yours, etc.,

P. A. DOYLE.
161 Park Avenue,
Williston Park, N.Y. 11596.

Kevin O'Higgins

Sir, — In his biography — *Kevin O'Higgins* — Terence de Vere White accurately recorded (amongst many other things) the birth to my father and mother of three children in their six years of marriage. If John Jordan believes they were " childless " I can assure him that this biographer's facts are correct, and might also add that now Kevin O'Higgins has six grandchildren also.—Yours, etc.

UNA O'HIGGINS-O'MALLEY
Castleknock,
Co. Dublin.

Private Eye

Sir, — Many of your readers in England will regret the closing of Proinsias Mac Aonghusa's column in *Hibernia*. I for one always turned first to the back page to be both informed and amused. I say this to make it clear that I have no axe to grind against Mr. Mac Aonghusa, but am in fact one of his fans.

But he cannot be allowed to get away in his last piece with his claim that his column gave the first information of the split in the Fianna Fail government which afterwards became known as the "arms conspiracy". In fact of course it was *Private Eye* which on 12th September, 1969, carried the story, complete with photographs of Haughey, Blaney and Boland.

All praise to Proinsias, but not on another man's wounds. —Yours, etc., ?

JENNIFER DALE.
7A St. Martin's Road,
Stockwell,

Property

Sir,—The price of the property No. 13 Herbert road, Ballsbridge, sold at auction, was £14,250 and not £4,250 as stated in your issue dated June 25th, 1971.—Yours etc.,

ARTHUR DUNNE,
Sherry & Sons,
48 Upper Baggott street,

Mary Kenny and the Irish Press

Sir,—On the whole, I find your piece about me *(Hibernia,* June 25) both fair and flattering. However, I'd like to reply to a couple of points, if I may.

Firstly, I really don't consider that the *Irish Press's* farewell to me was at all frosty. In fact, it seemed dazzingly generous, and my relationship with my colleagues and with the company of Irish Press, Ltd., continues to be one of great affability and goodwill. I hope that I shall be in a position to continue to write for the *Irish Press* from London occasionally, since it is the newspaper in Ireland to which I feel most loyalty and with which I most identify.

It is possible that some of my extra-mural activities may have embarrassed my employers, but, on the whole, their attitude has been one of liberalism and decency and democratic freedom.

Conflicts between personal principles and job interests are a normal part of most people's lives and particularly the lives of journalists, and these conflicts will always exist, wherever one works.

Secondly, if I did once say that wage increases should be justified by an increase in productivity, it seems to me to have been a very long time ago when Barbara Castle influenced my thinking just a little too much. I believe I have learned very much more about living in an inflationary economy since then, and I most certainly do not hold that view now. Wage increases must be automatic, not only in order that the worker may keep up with the spiralling cost of living, but also so that his or her standard of living may continue to rise all the time. If such increases are not forthcoming, then the worker must use the only weapon he or she possesses: strike, and that weapon should be used judiciously, but militantly. Until there is total workers' participation in industry, productivity is the problem of management, since they have taken the entire area of control unto themselves.

Thirdly, and for me, most importantly, lest there should be any misunderstanding in the matter, I should like to go on the record as being most vigorously opposed to the Forcible Entry Bill in its every particular. I consider it a vile, regressive and repressive piece of legislation, and I suspect that it is motivated by ignoble reasons of property interests within the Government. It should be opposed at every opportunity, and I have done what I could, I think, in adding my voice to those who have and are opposing it. However, I feel that while a women's liberation movement should give solidarity to any group which forms an opposition to this disagreeable Bill—just as, in the United States, Women's Lib has consistently and on every occasion opposed the dreadful war in Vietnam—nonetheless, one should not lose sight of the primary W.L. aims: to free women from unjust laws pertaining especially to them, to liberate them from male oppression, exploitation, conditioning and the feudal kind of capitalism which at present keeps us down. Housework is also a burning political issue.

" Mary Kenny Pulls Out " makes one sound like a right cad, abandoning commitments here for the benefits of foreign attractions; and, of course, like all the mixed emotions of great sadness at leaving, once again, my own country, the society that I care most about and feel most at home within, and at the same time the pull of the big world outside, where that still stifling and incestuous quality of Irish life does not exist. However, in the final analysis, I am a careerist, and, therefore, it must be so; and there are many, many young women in this country who can fill whatever place I had in Irish society, who can do it as well, better, and surely less frivolously than I. Watch out for them.—Yours, etc.,

MARY KENNY,
3 Herbert Road,
Dublin 4.

FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW
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RULE OF THE GUN

THE TAOISEACH'S STATEMENT last Sunday — at the ceremonies marking the 50th anniversary of the Truce — was at least a start. His call to the British Government to declare their interest in encouraging the unity of Ireland was a first tentative step away from those soft words and lofty sentiments to which he had confined himself over the past 18 months. It was the first sign that he has come to realise how completely irrelevant is the soft talk in the context of Northern Ireland today.

The reality in the North is that the initiative lies almost completely with the gunmen. To confine oneself to deploring their actions is not only futile; it is irresponsible. Because in the absence of political initiative, anarchy prevails and the overall situation deteriorates daily.

The British policy at the moment is no more than one of containment. At some point of pressure, that policy may result in direct rule from Westminster, or full repression or both. But in advance of such possibilities we know—and Andrew Boyd's detailed relating of the present disturbances to the old old pattern (see pages 14/15) is a good reminder—that no degree of British occupation has ever brought lasting peace to this island: nor is it ever likely to. Despite the extent of havoc in the North so far, the British Government is unwilling to face up to a real political solution. This is not because she has a greater interest in maintaining her present position in the North than in forging a new one with a united Ireland. Rather is it that the pressures, despite all the chaos, have not yet reached that pitch at which politicians are not only willing to act, but are finally forced to act. The Irish Government, by adding to those pressures now (rather than continuing the passive role), would expedite the day of ultimate settlement.

But neither has the Irish Government been preparing the way at home. In the same speech, the Taoiseach, in questioning the attitude of the national majority to the national minority, asked: "Have our political concepts been sufficiently wide to include them? Have we been considerate enough about the things they believe in as passionately as we might believe otherwise?" The Taoiseach knows full well that the answer to both these rhetorical questions is in the negative—much to our shame—but particularly to the shame of his party. Since the report of the all-party committee on the Constitution in December, 1967, his administration has failed to adopt a single recommendation of that Committee, much less raise a single issue, in public debate. And the recent performance of his own Senate leader in killing Mary Robinson's Bill on Contraceptives—only highlights the depth of his own hypocrisy in this matter.

Exactly one year ago in his previous Eve of Twelfth broadcast, the Taoiseach said: "It is for political leaders to govern wisely and justly. I accept the guarantees of the British Government that they will do so." The intervening year has shown little cause to trust such sentiments. Is the initiative to remain with the gunmen for another twelve months?

Jack Lynch

A Change Of Tactics

BOTH THE TONE and the timing of the Taoiseach's speech at the Garden of Remembrance ceremony last Monday, indicated a shift from his previously more passive role. And although the shift was not a great one, it is important enough to warrant some examination of the pressures which influenced his attitude.

The most obvious of these of course is the steady escalation of violence in the North—and particularly in Derry in the preceding week. To-date this year more civilians have been killed in the North than in the whole of 1970, and in other statistical measures of violence—for instance number of explosions and numbers of civilian arrests—the count at half year has already exceeded the complete 1970 toll. The most significant escalation however is in British Army fatalities, as these reflect the very changed mood of the army in the North. Prior to 1971, no Army personnel had been killed—although many had received injuries in riot control. In the current year, however, a total of ten British soldiers have been killed while on operations and a further five have died from accidents. The honeymoon period is well and truly over and the resultant bitterness is at least one reason for the much tougher tactics now being employed by the Army.

Against this background and recent dire warnings from S.D.L.P. members and particularly John Hume, that the situation could deteriorate much further between now and August, the interesting point is that Mr. Lynch has changed his tactics as well as his tune. The British Government was not advised in advance of his speech last Monday, nor had any attempt been made to sound out a possible reaction to his proposal that "the British Government declare their interest in encouraging the unity of Ireland by agreement, in independence and in a harmonious relationship between the two islands": in other words that the British financial and military guarantees to the North contained in the Ireland Act 1949 should be—shall we say—restructured. Coming in this fashion and at a time (Eve of the Twelfth) that, from the British point of view, was most unhelpful to say the least—the proposal was certain of a frosty reception. In fact it is unlikely that it will even be granted the courtesy of an acknowledgment from Whitehall.

But there were other pressures at work on the Taoiseach. Although Kevin Boland's efforts to attract big names to his new party have met with little success so far, the process of burrowing away at traditional Fianna Fail support in the country is grinding on all the time. The numbers may not be great (he claims to have some organisation in about half the constituencies as of now)—every defection represents a real diminuition of Fianna Fail support. And as long as the Taoiseach hesitates to flaunt his true blue Republicanism, the deterioration in the North works to the advantage of Kevin Boland and his adherents. At least to some extent therefore his speech should be seen as an attempt to recover some part of that support which the four ex-Ministers between them, and in their different ways, controlled in the past.

But there is another reason why the Taoiseach may be finding it necessary to shift off the middle ground, and that is in relation to his handling of the IRA in the south. The Taoiseach's speech followed closely after the provocative oration by Cathal Goulding at the graveside of Martin O'Leary and a renewed spate of explosions and burnings in the South. If the Taoiseach intends to move against the IRA now or in the near future, the perfect political preparation for such action is a profession of his own Republican determination.

Despite Fine Gael's recent law and order call, and the Taoiseach's own warning before Christmas, internment without trial is hardly likely at the present time. But a much more determined prosecution of members of illegal organisations in the courts, is almost certain. The new Firearms Bill is now law and is likely to be rigorously employed, and the proposal to establish a special Garda unit for special task work is another straw in the wind.

All in all the speech was obviously meant more for home consumption than as a serious diplomatic initiative. But it reflects for the first time in the past eighteen months a reaction to the Republican pressures that are building up in the country. It will be interesting to see how intense these pressures become before the summer is out.

• • • •

AT LONG LAST Fine Gael is stirring itself over the E.E.C. After years of uncritical acceptance of every government move closer to Brussels, however ineptly executed, the party is beginning to have some second thoughts. Ironically, the reservations are coming not from the 'coalitionists' who might be expected to be more sympathetic to the Labour Party's position—but from the Old Guard. And while Cosgrave as usual is holding his cards close to his chest, his criticism of the E.E.C. negotiation at the Fine Gael Party meeting this week surprised many of the attendants. In this he was supported by Tom Fitzpatrick, Peter Barry and Mark Clinton particularly.

The Fine Gael shift, however late in the day, is significant to the extent that it reflects grass roots fears and reservations about the handling of the negotiations to date. Surprisingly the party has not thought of appointing a representative in Brussels—surely an essential requirement to guarantee a flow of unbiased information from the scene of the negotiations. But the Labour Party may do just that in the near future.

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CRITICS SAY THAT WE IN GOVERNMENT ARE WEAK, INEPT AND INDECISIVE... RUBBISH I SAY!
JUST LOOK AT THE POSITIVE, PRAGMATIC, NO NONSENSE WAY THAT WE MADE THE VITAL DECISION.....
TO JOIN THE COMMON MARKET!
EEC

S.D.L.P.

John Hume's Reaction

FOR ONCE John Hume may have overstepped himself and he may already be regretting the impetuosity of his threat to withdraw the SDLP from Stormont and set up " an alternative assembly " if the demand for an inquiry into the fatal shooting of two Derry youths is not met by this week-end. The threat to withdraw was not a new tactic and considering the proximity of the parliamentary recess, not particularly significant. But the determination to set up an alternative assembly not only smacks of secession to the constitutionalists but calls for a demonstration of electoral support which he may find it very difficult to manifest.

There are several factors to be considered about the SDLP statement. The first is that it followed the fatal shootings by the Army and subsequent bitter rioting in Derry. But secondly it also followed an emotional and militant IRA meeting in the Bogside earlier on that afternoon. Both these developments had a profound effect on Hume, and even more so on Ivan Cooper, whose customary restraint had for once been completely jettisoned. And such was the temper of the moment that the statement was issued apparently without any consultation with the party leader, Gerry Fitt, who was *incommunicado* at a holiday retreat. Unless Gerry Fitt, who is now in London pressing for the inquiry (and in effect to get the party off the hook) can arrange some face-saving formula, it looks as if the SDLP will have to proceed with its withdrawal.

One of the surprising aspects of the threatened withdrawal is that it runs counter to the line from Dublin, which had strongly supported Hume and SDLP members in accepting places on the Parliamentary Committees mooted recently by the Northern Premier.

Through Eamon Gallagher of the Department of Foreign Affairs and Paddy O'Hanrahan of the Taoiseach's Office, Hume has been in constant contact with the Dublin Government. Seldom does Hume visit Dublin without seeing Gallagher and he is regularly seen at the Arts Club with O'Hanrahan. It would appear that Hume is now well established with the Fianna Fail Government which relies on his assessment of events in the North and also it seems that there is support for Hume from Dublin. When he flew to London three weeks ago seeking meetings with British Government and Opposition leaders, he was accompanied by Gallagher.

But the real initiative in Northern life today is on the streets. The Establishment, be it the Army, the politicians, or the individual power cliques, are simply reacting and shifting their ground in relation to the location and intensity of the latest violence. So after the Derry riots, the SDLP felt that it must be seen to be doing something. And hence the statement.

But, in addition to this, there was the instinct for political survival. Each of the M.P.s knows full well that in the early days of 1969 when they were elected, there was in the Six Counties a feeling of opposition united in a way which will not be seen again during their political careers. There was support from disillusioned Nationalists, from disgruntled Labour supporters and from Republicans. But since then, there has been so much fragmentation, so many personality tussles that it is difficult to see with what element the strength really lies. In some instances the attitude of the M.P.s in joining the new party without consulting their supporters caused very real dissatisfaction.

Now, however, with the Parliament past the half-way stage and a General Election—should there ever be another one—within eighteen months at the outside, the SDLP is faced with the threat of serious opposition from Official Republican candidates, the future for most of the Opposition M.P.s is not all that rosy. At least two of them are at the moment actively seeking openings outside politics.

Not so Hume; more than any other member of his party he seems intent on continuing in politics to ensure his place in the history books. But in the meantime he won't appear to be content to take his place in the Establishment and in that, whatever solution emerges, especially if it is anything bordering on a federal approach, there will be a place for John Hume.

I.R.A.

A New Phase In The South?

"THE FIRST MARTYR IN THE NEW PHASE OF THE REPUBLICAN STRUGGLE." Cathal Goulding's tribute to Martin O'Leary at his graveside in Cork on July 8th might, in other days, have been put down to Republican rhetoric. In the context of the events of the first week in July it had an ominous sound; a new phase in a Republican struggle that for a year seemed to have lain dormant, or, at least, to have been confined to words, documents and peaceful pickets.

To understand his message it is worth noting the precise terms in which the Chief of Staff of the Official I.R.A. spoke. He began with the commonplace: " It is our earnest wish, as it was Martin's, that the just emancipation of the Irish people could be achieved by peaceful means." The Taoiseach, Mr. Lynch, has said as much. Even Fine Gael leader, Mr. Cosgrave, might have expressed himself in such terms.

But Goulding went further: " Unfortunately it is not within our power to dictate what action the forces of imperialism and exploitation will engage in to repress, coerce, and deny ordinary people their God-given rights. When their answer to the just demands of the people are the lockout, strike breaking, eviction, coercion, the prison cell, intimidation or the gallows, then our duty is to reply, as he (O'Leary) replied, in the language that brings these vultures to their senses most effectively—the language of the bomb and the bullet."

Even this was within the now well-known formula of the official I.R.A. What gave it force was that on the same day three chalets, being built by international entrepreneurs, on the Wicklow coast, were blown up; a few days earlier the I.R.A. had claimed credit not only for the Mogul mines explosion after which Martin O'Leary died, but also for action taken against a Dublin company which was said to have been strike breaking. Two days later the British Legion hall was to be damaged by fire. And—perhaps an unrelated event—the Dublin Paper manufacturers, Jefferson Smurfit, were struck by fire for the fourth time within six months.

The official I.R.A. had not in this decade engaged in such a concentration of activity within such a short time (even if one leaves the Jefferson Smurfit fire out of the count.) There had been scattered engagements—in Arigna, during the E.I. strike at Shannon, on the Connemara coast in support of Irish fishermen, and in West Cork. There had been the Land League action against foreign farm owners in Counties Meath and Louth. But these events were separated in time and location and were not given the unity of a single campaign.

In the first week of July the possibility of a campaign — immediate, tough and directed with care against the forces of economic imperialism in the Republic — seemed very real indeed. But why at this time? What was the advantage to the official republican movement in conflict in the twenty-six counties when the six counties were simmering with passion?

A leading member of the official movement said privately that the happenings which are listed above were not necessarily planned to coincide with each other. The explosion in Wicklow, for instance, was undertaken to ensure steady nerves and to reassert morale after the death of Mr. O'Leary. (He had no comment to make on the inclusion of the Jefferson Smurfit fire in the list, merely giving the reminder that the I.R.A. normally acknowledges all its actions publicly.)

The official Republican movement is, of course, in strict competition with its erstwhile colleagues in the Provisional movement, and with the Lynch administration on levels of northern militancy and tactical restraint. A contributory reason for an intensified campaign at this time would, therefore, be the race for allegiance from the Catholic minority in Northern Ireland. The *Irish Times*, in a leading article after two Sundays of Bodenstown celebrations, suggested the Provisionals were ahead. If this were true, a show of militancy by the Official I.R.A. could win back some lost loyalty. But is the Provisional Movement ahead? The officials strenuously deny it.

On the other side, Goulding and his colleagues have to watch the moves of the Lynch Government. If Catholics in the North, or concerned people anywhere, seek a political solution to the Irish question, they are likely to look to a democratically elected government rather than to the I.R.A. Proof of serious social intent is essential if a substantial section of the public is to be won from the area of conventional support for parliamentary politics. A campaign, like the one which appeared to be under way in the first week of July, would demonstrate to some a certain seriousness of intent. The social and economic direction of the campaign could clearly be identified through the choice of target.

There is an outside chance—but one that cannot be discounted — that the Republicans, believing internment or some less dramatic action against them was about to be undertaken, decided on a campaign which would show their philosophical approach to be socialist, and their interests to be the shared interests of the majority of Irish workers.

Fianna Fail

A Party Of Yes Men?

IT'S NO NEWS to assert that Fianna Fail is a changed party after the bludgeoning and buffeting of the past year; to borrow a phrase from a central actor in their drama, the dogs of the street are barking it.

It is possible that the most profound change of all is taking place unknown to the general public, and largely without a sharp awareness on the part of the rank and file membership of Fianna Fail. It is taking place within the party rooms at Leinster House, so far in secret behind closed doors; but a certain amount has begun to seep out.

It has been vaguely referred to by some people resigning from the party—notably Mr. J. Coffey of Killiney, Dublin, when he left Cairde Fail (a sub-committee of the National Executive) recently. He said in his letter that he could not be a member of a party "which had to agree with the views of one person, Jack Lynch, or be classed as a dissident".

Observers at Leinster House say this is the biggest change that has come over Fianna Fail. In Dev's time, F.F. Deputies came to the weekly meetings of the parliamentary party prepared to argue the toss, and apparently they were encouraged to do so — provided they kept to the unwritten ground rules and never forgot who-was-who.

True, the decision-making when it came, was beautifully direct and simple — and final. The man looked into his heart, told the Deputies what the consensus of their argument was, and from there on, no dog barked. The opening phrase of Dev's judgments is imprinted on many a Fianna Fail heart to this day: "I believe the feeling of the Party to be . . . . ."

In Lemass's time, although the decision generally came abruptly, the views of Deputies meant more, and it was possible to go into a meeting reasonably confident that an impending decision could be changed by good argument.

This atmosphere prevailed for some time after Jack Lynch took over, and indeed some observers thought the present Taoiseach carried "governing by committee" to dangerous limits. A pronounced change took place after the events of May 1970. The "committee" was still there, embracing most of the Deputies who were for Lynch, but with the wing we all know about, who were not for Jack.

In no time, this division began to dominate parliamentary party meetings, and it became painfully obvious that there were two "committees" in deadly battle for the minds and support of the mass of Deputies. Inevitably, if you were not clearly for Jack, you tended to be lumped with the "dissidents". From there, it was not a great step to the present situation, where any Fianna Fail Deputy who questions the wisdom of any decision or pronouncement from the Lynch area is in danger of being tagged "dissident". This was bad enough when it applied to matters of party organisation and discipline, but it has spread like wildfire to all aspects of party activity, including the Government of the country. Fianna Fail backbenchers at the Wednesday meetings this summer regularly refrained from questioning things that troubled them, lest the tag of "Blaney-ite" or "Haugheyite" might apply to any of them who opened his mouth.

This has possibly done more to sap party virility and strength than all the direct blows inflicted by the Opposition. It is a cancer eating at the vitals of the party, spreading distrust and bitterness, and reducing participation in party affairs.

It could go a long way to explain to the rank and file of Fianna Fail throughout the country why their party seems to have lost its political touch: why it walks into disasters like the dole change, the community schools, the day-to-day administrative trifles which cumulatively rub their best supporters the wrong way. More and more, the traditional party antennae are not working, or are giving false readings. It seems the party leadership is assuming majority agreement on proposals, when in fact meetings are being dominated by a relatively small group. It's got to the stage now where the prudent Deputy keeps his troubled thoughts to himself and nods his head in whatever direction the platform is pushing the proposal.

This "opting out" or wary neutrality is of great interest in connection with the next election. Observers are coming round more strongly to the point of view that if Fianna Fail are beaten next time, it could be through the abstention of many of their old supporters. Such people could hardly bring themselves to vote for Fine Gael, but they are considered to be capable of administering a kick in the pants by staying away from the polls. The attitude adopted by the ordinary backbench F.F. Deputy is generally a good reflection of the attitude of his key men and supporters in his constituency. If backbenchers are remaining aloof from party decision-making at Leinster House, then *prima facie* their supporters will stand back from the decision-making at the next election.

The deterioration in the *quality* of parliamentary party meetings must mean that more and more decisions are "handed down" from the Front Bench and fewer originate at the roots of the party. This, too seems to fit in with much that has come out in public lately. Very few backbenchers will accept responsibility for the dole farce, or for the community schools, or other controversies. It is interesting to note how many Government proposals the rank-and-file now desire to see dropped or — if persisted in, beaten.

Courtesy of Private Eye

R.T.E.

Muiris McCongaill 'Retiring'

FEW COMMENTATORS seemed to believe Muiris McConghaill when, at 30 years of age, he resigned a senior executive position in RTE on the grounds that he was "tired." There was general agreement that he had seen some kind of political ghost. Only his fellow producers in RTE seemed to take his reasons at face value. Television is notoriously a job for the under 30's and the B.B.C.'s actuarial graphs show why television producers find it hard to get advantageous life insurance, once middle age is in sight.

Nevertheless, it is generally agreed in RTE that there is more than one cause of television fatigue. Muiris McConghaill's symptoms strongly suggested exposure during a political frost. The establishment, if they haven't beaten him in a clean fight, seem to have succeeded in a war of attrition. It was some consolation that the struggle against 7 Days left many scars on its enemies.

Describing 7 Days in warfare terms would cause senior management at Montrose to make reproving noises about the Broadcasting Act and impartiality. However, this is the description that most closely fits the intermittent forays of different Fianna Fail commissars against the programme. Muiris McConghaill and his television guerrillas defended themselves with dash and vigour. Unfortunately, McConghaill, who has a napoleonic notion of leadership, leaves no second in command. His reputation for decisiveness largely grew from his deliberate policy of brooking no brother near the throne.

For the past five years, the name McConghaill has been synonymous with 7 Days, although in fact its particular brand of tough inquiry was first stamped on by Lelia Doolan as early as 1966. Meanwhile, Muiris McConghaill was revolutionising the relationship of Irish people to their elected representatives. The programme "Division," by today's standards little more than a cosy chat, was in its own day the beginning of realistic politics on television. When "Division" merged with Lelia Doolan's brash 7 Days team, it was the perfect synthesis, and McConghaill was the right man in the right job.

As a gift to his new team, he brought David Thornley, Paddy Gallaher and Ted Nealon. Together with John O'Donoghue, Brian Cleeve and Brian Farrell they made an attractive mixture of urbanity and aggression. Their presence was immediately felt. A series of programmes, including the one where a whole redundant factory at Electra came on to indict the Government, and another exposing intriguing property dealings at Mt. Pleasant Sq., and a hilarious interview with Matt Gallaher, somehow focussed the whole nation's concern about the growth of Fianna Fail's mohair suits. Indeed it could be said to have led to the party's revulsion against Taca itself.

Fianna Fail's retaliation opened up a new phase in McConghaill's controversial career. Following a programme on the Special Branch and the resulting machinations, 7 Days was taken from the Programmes Division and subordinated to the Newsroom. McConghaill's colleagues believed that the Newsroom would be a restraining influence and, in acquiescing to the arrangement, he was accused of doing a deal. A bitter split culminated in the walk-out of Eoghan Harris, Brian Cleeve, Sean Egan and, later, Paddy Gallaher.

For the next year the programme was undeniably tame. Then followed the 1969 May "Insurrection" at Montrose and 7 Days seemed to recover some of its old bite. The team affected not to understand that the sacrifice of Jack Dowling and Lelia Doolan had anything to do with this, but in fact their going ensured that 7 Days enjoyed greater freedom than ever before.

The past two years have seen the programme's finest hours. Tough and probing with McConghaill moulding new recruits Bill O'Herlihy, Denis Mitchell and Rodney Rice into shape, they forged an impressive path through Pig-smuggling, to Lissadell. Rodney Rice's coverage of Northern Ireland underground opened new dimensions of understanding. Circumstances furthered their renaissance. The RTE Authority under Donal O Morain gave them support and McConghaill's relationship with the Head of News was reputedly excellent.

The Moneylending Tribunal ended that relationship. 7 Days emerged with a nervy brashness and it was no secret that McConghaill was less than pleased with the Head of News' evidence to the Tribunal. To put it bluntly, he had been left carrying the can.

Facing a year in which he believed there was to be widespread pressure on financial and political programmes on RTE, McConghaill had good reason to relish a change.

His resignation, like that of Mary Kenny, marks another milestone in the ambivalent relationship between the new Fianna Fail and the Fourth Estate. Architect of a new freedom in television reporting, he might well, like Wren, say in valediction: "If you want to see my monument, look around." And he would probably add: "While you can."

E.E.C.

Who Will be Who?

ALTHOUGH THE REFERENDUM to decide on Irish entry to the E.E.C. may still be a full twelve months away, the jockeying for positions in the Brussels offices of the E.E.C. has already started in the higher echelons of the Civil Service, and speculation is mounting as to the identity of the Commissioner to be nominated from Ireland. By convention the secretariats of the E.E.C. institutions are staffed by officials from the member states roughly in proportion to each member's contribution to the community budget. At this rate about 80 senior and middle level posts will have to be filled from Ireland. This presents some problems.

Firstly and most obviously, a reasonable knowledge of French is mandatory and some knowledge of German highly desirable for most of these jobs. At the same time many of the positions call for people of fairly high competence. Professional expertise in the particular areas of interest to the E.E.C., combined with competence in continental languages, is not widely found in Ireland. Of those who have it not all will want to transfer residence permanently to Brussels, even though the pay is good. Furthermore, if we do join the E.E.C. we are going to need all the expertise we can muster at home. Yet it remains extremely important that in the event of membership those who do go from this country to work in the E.E.C. institutions in Brussels should be people of ability. Of course, E.E.C. officials in no sense "represent" their countries or Governments in the Community institutions. Nevertheless their national outlook and preoccupations naturally influence their work and that of their colleagues. In fact, the quality of the Irish officials in the institutions will largely decide the extent of our influence over policy formulation.

The E.E.C. posts are filled, not by national government nomination, but by competition open to people from all member States. Thus, although the E.E.C.'s objective will be to fill posts in such a way as to achieve a reasonable balance between nationals from different member States, there is no question of particular posts being allocated to Ireland. Each post will have to be applied for and competed for by individual applicants from this country. If enough suitable applicants were not forthcoming, we would get fewer such posts than we might otherwise have.

The timing of all this is interesting too. Formal accession to the E.E.C. is planned for the candidates on January 1st, 1973, i.e. just 18 months away. However, there is now serious discussion in Brussels of bringing the candidate countries into the E.E.C. institutions before formal accession so that the candidates have a chance of influencing decisions taken between the end of the negotiations and the beginning of formal membership. In practical terms this might mean that the E.E.C. would be starting to hire people from the candidate countries as early as the beginning of next year.

One of the most intriguing questions concerns the appointment of Ireland's member of the E.E.C. Commission. If, as and when the new members join, the present nine-man E.E.C. Commission will be expanded to 14. One of these must be from Ireland. The Commissioners are politicians, not civil servants. Commissioners are nominated by member States but must be appointed unanimously by all members. They are appointed for a four-year term, during which they are not representative of their member State but instead work together like the Ministers of a national government to formulate policy for the E.E.C. and carry out decisions and agreements already made.

Who could the Irish Government nominate? Not a civil servant, since this would not be accepted by the other member States: and to appoint a civil servant to a politicians' job would be in any case a mistake. Not all politicians would be acceptable either—it is an open secret that Mr. Haughey at one stage had thought of looking for the post. However, his maladroit visit to Brussels, combined with informal indications from the British Government that he would not be acceptable to them, has discounted this notion. The name of Dr. Whitaker, governor of the Central Bank, has also been mentioned. He would almost certainly be accepted by the other members—while hardly a politician, he is not a civil servant either. It is thought, however, that he is unwilling to take the job—involving as it would a four-year transfer of residence to Brussels. It is understood too that the Government has set its face against an appointment from the Opposition parties, although Garret FitzGerald would be an obvious appointment if he were willing to go. From the present Cabinet George Colley would obviously be acceptable if he was willing to go, and Childers has also been suggested though his age would be against him. In fact the only really credible candidate on the present Government side would be Dr. Hillery himself.

If he accepts, Hillery obviously runs the risk of being out of touch with the grass roots back home—particularly in the succession stakes. But the post also contains very pertinent advantages, apart from the much higher salary. In the first place it would enormously increase his stature both at home and abroad, and keep his name in the forefront of the news while disassociating from the sources of bitterness which now divide Fianna Fail so deeply. Secondly it would secure his position at least until 1976, irrespective of how the electoral results go at home. Commissioners, although nominated by the separate governments are appointed by the E.E.C. itself: they therefore retain their posts for the four year term whether or not the government which nominated them continues in office at home. This security would be a boon to Hillery in the event of a Fianna Fail defeat at the next general election. On the other hand, there would be nothing to prevent him from resigning from the E.E.C., if for one reason or another (like a Presidential election) Jack Lynch vacated his seat before 1976.

"I am British and I wish to negotiate my terms of entry."

Courtesy of Private Eye

The Government almost certainly will have to decide who it is going to nominate for the Commission before we get very far into 1972. The process of appointment is interesting. Names of possible people are floated through the press and informally through diplomatic channels before nominations are made. If the reaction in or from other member States is unfavourable then names are dropped and others tried. In this way people acceptable to all members are arrived at without the embarrassment of individuals being formally vetoed. Our name-floating process will have to start soon. Of course matters would be complicated even further by a change of Government before 1973, which could mean starting the whole process over again. But at this point it looks as if Paddy Hillery will be the first E.E.C. Commissioner from Ireland—if we decide to go in—that is!

Gaeltacht

Words - Words - Words

THE THREE REPORTS published last month on the problems of development special to the Gaeltacht are as derive from Government requests to An Foras Forbartha in 1967 to investigate the potential of the Gaeltacht for "remedial" development, both as "problem" areas and as cultural entities.

Two of them, in fact, are essentially the same report—or at least they arise out of the same brief. Daithi Hanly, asked to plan for Galway area Gaeltacht, sought help from the Social Sciences Research Centre of U.C.G. They provided a thorough report on the area and were upset both at the delay (two years) in publication and Hanly's selective treatment of their recommendations. Under the circumstances, they decided to go ahead and publish their full report, on their own.

One of the major findings in common between these and the third report—Padraig O Riagain's, on the Gaeltacht outside Galway—is that severe overlapping of Gaeltacht and non-Gaeltacht areas in the State services (e.g., police districts, electoral areas, health administration areas, etc.) make it very difficult indeed to derive reliable basic data for projection and planning purposes. Hanly prefers to sidestep the issue, however, where MacAodha (U.C.G.) and O Riagain devote some time to an assessment of the administrative changes which must be put in hand if the Gaeltachtai, as entities, are to receive coherent development.

It is clear, in all of these surveys, that the authors were impressed by the urgent need for action—and the "not encouraging"/"serious"/"desperate" problems involved. Massive job-creation at the earliest possible moment appears to be the only realistic approach to the problem, which will depend for its solution not merely on the reversal of the present 1% per annum population loss, but on considerable attraction of non-native immigrants—a risky policy, linguistically, but one which all the reports seem to agree is necessary.

£250m. is "easy if you say it fast," as one Gaeilgeoir was heard remarking to a sceptic recently. It is also equivalent to only £160 per head of Gaeltacht population per annum under the terms envisaged by the financial projections in these reports. They suggest that nothing less than a twenty-year plan will fill the bill—

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and that figure is roughly the expenditure involved over the period.

O Riagain strongly suggests the encouragement of an "urbanised" area in the north Donegal area—both on economic and on linguistic grounds. This idea is rejected in the U.C.G. report for Galway Gaeltacht: in their opinion, the population base is nowhere good enough to support a significantly large "new town." All the reports, however, agree that the Gaeltacht's population is still (barely) sufficient to provide a basis for development—Hanly, in particular, notes this with some surprise! This would not be the case for much longer—less than 20 years, according to U.C.G., and maybe 10 if the Buchanan plans are implemented in the Galway area.

One important point on which U.C.G. and O Riagain are fully agreed is the urgent need for a "major psychological study of the dynamics of linguistic change" (U.C.G.). Perhaps this could follow the national survey on attitudes to the Irish language which Dr. Lilyan Brudner is to carry out for the Government?

T.C.D.

New Arts Building

THE BUILDINGS OF TRINITY College, on their central urban site, are not easily matched anywhere in the world, and when the last major addition to them was planned, care was taken and money spent to ensure that the New Library would be of a character and quality worthy of its unique position. Half the money came from the College, and from subscriptions, and the other half from the Government. That was seven years ago, and the cost was £800,000. Now, at right-angles to the New Library, and facing the Old Library, the college proposes to build a new Arts block along Nassau street. The background to this, in terms of numbers and of needs, is that while at present there are 3,785 undergraduate and 635 postgraduate students in T.C.D., these numbers are expected to rise within the next five years to 5,000 and 1,000 respectively, of whom 3,100 will be in the Arts faculties. Existing accommodation is already badly overstrained.

For the new Arts block the College has gone back to Paul Koralek who designed the New Library. The plans are now well advanced and before long the proposals will be submitted in application for planning permission. The cost is expected to be something approaching twice that of the Library, that is to say about £1½ million. It will be, of course, a larger building, which accounts for some of the difference: the rest is accountable to the rise in building costs during the interval. But there is a danger that the dictates of slide-rule economics may prevent a truly worthy neighbour to the two libraries, being erected.

Most of the money in this case will be provided by the Department of Education. The rest, an unknown quantity, possibly approaching 10% of the total, will be found by the College, and will probably be spent on finishes. But whether the money available will be enough to bridge the gap between the Department's standards and the standards appropriate to a building in this situation is at present very doubtful.

It is not invariably true that expensive buildings are better than cheap ones: but it usually helps. In particular, certain expensive materials usually weather better in the open-air than the cheaper ones, and a really expensive building, if properly designed, is apt to be much cheaper in the long run, because the maintenance costs are much lower and the intervals between renewals of roof-coverings are much longer. But this is of course not the only consideration where a new building in Trinity (and in Nassau street) is in question.

The buildings of Trinity, and the open spaces which they define and surround, are morally public property. They are open, for the most part, to members of the public who wish to visit them, and the green lung of College Park is still of physical and psychological benefit to the Dublin citizen. Besides, from the Irish Parliamentary grants for building the West Front in 1752-7, to the substantial grants channelled in recent years through the Board of Works for the conservation of the College's ancient buildings, they have in part been publicly paid for. This will of course be even more true, as the figures quoted above show, of the new Arts Block.

The model shows a cliff-like facade pierced with vertical slots, towards Nassau Street; and towards the Old Library a system of stepped terraces descending towards a rectangle of green grass. It also shows that Frederick Darley's beautiful little Magnetic Observatory, now used as the MS room of the Library, will have to be found an alternative site. The Board of Works have been giving thought to the question of where to put it. It is also clear that the view of the Old Library from Dawson Street (especially from the top of a bus) will be lost for ever. The fall in the ground is not enough to offset this.

The obvious question is: why not build in the Eastern end of the site, adjoining Westland Row and Pearse Street? The answer seems to be that extensive building on these sites, for the scientific and medical faculties, will indeed take place, probably including the replacement of existing buildings of mediocre quality; but not just yet.

The principal reason for the blind, monumental quality of the Nassau Street elevation is to insulate the lecture-theatres and study spaces from the noises of the traffic. Properly handled, this could be a fine feature of the realigned street. It is logical, too, to complete the process of urbanising what was once the Fellow's Garden and is now largely covered with shacks, by closing its third side while leaving a vista through to the rere elevation of the Provost's House.

As things now stand, it is clear that, when correction has been made for the rise in costs, the new building will be a cheaper job per square foot, than the Koralek Library. The Library was a College enterprise, heavily backed by subscriptions, and matched pound for pound by the Government. The new building is essentially a Government enterprise: the Department has asked Trinity to provide the space and staff for a teaching-unit for which it, the Department, is paying. The old library is one of the finest if not the finest building in the whole country, and when the new library was planned, no effort was spared to ensure that the great architectural tradition of this complex of buildings was fully honoured. The T.C.D. authorities as well as the Department of Education have a responsibility to ensure that the quality of our heritage is preserve in any new complement to our oldest university.

Civil Servants

A Break With Tradition?

REMEMBER THAT story about the child who began by considering his dad a genius, by his early teens thought the old man pretty dull after all, but was later amazed to find, by the time the boy was through university, how much the old man had managed to pick up in a few years?

It's rather like that at Leinster House at the moment. Two years into the 19th Dail, several of the bright young hopefuls have found that it is a bit of a slog really, that theory and practice can be quite different and particularly that so many of the old fellows have a little more intelligence than appears on the surface.

Some young Deputies don't know whether to be glad or sorry that some of their seniors turn out to be fairly consistently correct in their assessments and actions. Very often the reasoning appears to young men to be all wrong — but the confusing thing is that, long-term, the answers "happen to be right." One notes the puzzled side-long glance at senior figures like Dr. John O'Donovan, Michael Pat Murphy, Mick Barry, John L. O'Sullivan, Michael Hilliard; or the interested browsing through old Dail Debates for the casual remarks of men like James Dillon, John A. Costello, Sean Lemass, Jim Ryan, William Norton, and so on.

At the moment, there is a good deal of interest in some of the predictions and warnings of James Dillon. Like most of his fellow-Deputies, Mr. Dillon held conscientious civil servants in the highest regard, professionally and personally — although the story is told that when he was Minister for Agriculturs for a short time he developed a most un-Dillon-like inferiority complex: he couldn't lift a telephone extension in the Department without finding a Doctor at the other end!

Mr. Dillon was among those who had great respect for one of the ablest civil servants the country has produced, Dr. Ken Whitaker, former Secretary of the Department of Finance, now Governor of the Central Bank, and generally acknowledged to be the architect of our Economic Development Programmes.

In preparation for these Programmes, a document was published, with full government approval of course, under Mr. Whitaker's name. This is where James Dillon drew the line. His attitude was that, however desirable the objective, and however urgent the problem, we would regret the day when we departed even in an isolated instance from our rigid tradition of civil service anonymity.

James Dillon had his supporters for this point of view, but many thought it unnecessarily conservative, cautious and old-fashioned. Mr. Dillon and others warned that once this barrier was breached, even if everyone acted in good faith, it could only be a matter of time before civil servants began to play a very different role in Irish public affairs.

Present-day Deputies are beginning to see how prophetic Mr. Dillon's advice was. The tour this summer of senior civil servants of the Department of Education, in explanation of the Department's community schools proposals, has profoundly disturbed a good many politicians and political observers. They do not question the integrity of the Department's men, or their good faith and dedication.

At the same time, it is undeniable that these officials have taken a hand in a matter of major political controversy, and have tried to pull out of the fire a chestnut which at the time was causing the Government a high degree of political embarrassment. They themselves may have seen their role as one of explanation, but to people generally, these civil servants were actively "selling" the community schools scheme, from public or semi-public platforms, under their own names and official titles as civil servants.

It must be obvious that if they have had any measure of success, it cannot be too long until some other Minister with a political problem originating in his Department, will say to the officials: "You got me into this; get on your bikes around the country and get me out again." Once the precedent has been established, we cannot seriously challenge another Minister's right to the same facilities.

This is what James Dillon, Sean Dunne, and some others were trying to forestall. They saw the signature of Ken Whitaker, then head of the civil service, on a document which was the preliminary to controversial political action, as a dangerous break with tradition. Has the tour of Education officials proved them right in such a short time?

Patronage

Nothing New

THE EXERCISE of political patronage in the appointment of executives to State concerns is neither unique to contemporary Irish political life nor to the Fianna Fail Party. The practice is as old as the State itself, its practitioners spread evenly between Fianna Fail and the Coalition Governments and, if the latter have been less guilty it is only through lack of opportunity. However, the recent ousting of Mr. Gerry Jones from the board of Irish Shipping has added a new complexity to the patronage game. Previously, political appointees to State bodies could count on a seat on the board and their £500 a year just as long as the Government that appointed them remained in power. An example of this was the late Eddie McEllin, chairman of the Sugar Board, who was appointed during Fianna Fail's rule, temporarily removed during the Inter-Party Government, but restored to his post when Fianna Fail returned. But in Gerry Jones's case there has been no change of Government, although the Jack Lynch who as Minister for Finance appointed Mr. Jones to the board in the first place bears little or no resemblance to the Jack Lynch who is now Taoiseach.

Faced with the possibility of a rival Republican party being formed, the Government's customary weapon of patronage can, and obviously will, be used to discourage any would-be dissidents. The significance of Mr. Jones's dismissal—he is closely identified with Neil Blaney—was not lost on the Opposition and on Fine Gael's Gerry L'Estrange in particular, who put down Dail questions to the Minister for Finance with regard to the directors of Irish Shipping, the Agricultural Credit Corporation and Irish Life Assurance. Mr. Colley countered Gerry L'Estrange's accusation that "through fear and jealousy, the Minister has decided to get rid of people (referring to Gerry Jones) who do not support him," by pointing to the example of a member of the A.C.C. board who was removed by the Inter-party Government. Two wrongs apparently making a right.

The Minister explained, and repeated parrot-like on each occasion, the qualifications he sought when making such appointments. "The aim," he said, "was to choose persons who will bring useful experience and ability to the board." That these are not the only criteria is obvious from an examination of the three recent cases. Gerry Jones, who had been a director of Irish Shipping for five years, is associated with Celtic Coasters Ltd. and Dublin Shipping Ltd., has wide experience in this field, and, according to the Minister himself, did excellent work for the company in the past.

Despite the fact that the retiring director from the A.C.C., Michael Grant, a farmer, was, again in the words of the Minister, "doing an extremely good job," he failed to be renominated. Mr. Grant, too, has been associated with Neil Blaney, and in this case the Minister has shown no intention of filling the vacancy at all. But it is in considering the appointment to the board of Irish Life that the question of patronage is most clearly demonstrated. Again, Mr. Colley explained that his aim was "to choose people who will bring useful experience and ability to the boards," but at the same time he was quite happy with his appointment of octogenarian Mr. Sean McEntee: a suggestion which led Paddy Donegan to advocate Gerry Boland "as active mentally and physically and a good 1916 man, or perhaps, if you really wanted to go to town, his son, ex-Deputy Kevin Boland."

Perhaps the most obvious example of patronage is in the judicial field, where political appointments are taken for granted. Article 51 of the Constitution provides that judges of the Supreme and High Courts are appointed by the President, but, in fact, such appointments are made "only on the advice of the Government." Some High Court judges are no more than supporters of the party's policies (hardly a fault), but others were active party workers, election candidates and also ex-members of Government. For example, Mr. Andreas O'Keeffe, President of the High Court, besides being related by marriage to President de Valera, was in the de Valera Cabinet as Attorney-General. There is, in fact, a convention

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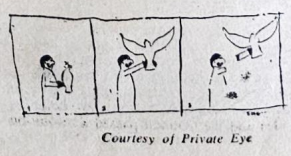


Courtesy of Private Eye

(Continued from page 6)

NO LESS THAN 407 REPLIES have been received to date to the questionnaire published in our last edition. This magnificent response is far beyond our expectation and has been most encouraging and very illuminating on readers' preferences particularly. The returns already received are now being analysed and the full result will be published in due course. Meanwhile, we still request more readers to let us have their opinions by returning the questionnaire if they still have the last edition available.

that holders of the office of Attorney-General have first claim to appointment to the Supreme or High Courts when a vacancy occurs. Mr. Justice Teevan, unsuccessful F.F. candidate for Dublin S.W. in the general elections of 1948-51, is another ex-Attorney-General, appointed in 1953 by the second last de Valera Government. Mr. Justice Butler, appointed to the High Court in 1966 by the late Sean Lemass, was a member of the Fianna Fail National Executive and one-time Director of Elections in Dun Laoghaire-Rathdown.

It must, of course, be stated that despite the political basis of judicial appointments, Irish judges have never shown themselves to be subservient to the wishes of the Government which appointed them.

Given the present system whereby the Minister for Finance has the sole power of making appointments to the boards of numerous State companies, it is difficult for him to avoid the charge that all his appointments are politically motivated. Obviously, all his nominees do not fall within this category, but those appointments made on merit can only be undermined by some of Mr. Colley's most recent choices. If he continues in this vein, the credibility of many of our State bodies will be put in doubt, as will ultimately Mr. Colley's own credibility as Minister for Finance.

New Party

Cold Comfort in Tipperary

IF HISTORICAL PRECEDENT is any guide to future political behaviour, a new Republican Party might expect a fair measure of support in Tipperary. There, in 1947, while Sean MacBride was capturing a seat in a Dublin bye-election, Paddy Kinane was winning Clann na Poblachta's second seat. At the ensuing general election the county was divided into two constituencies and the party succeeded in winning a seat in each. When Clann gave the impression of shedding its Republicanism the two constituencies shed their Clann representatives and never gave them another chance. And in North Tipperary, in spite of its abstentionist policy, Sinn Fein has always made a respectable showing. Fruitful ground, it would seem, for Kevin Boland and his friends.

But the hard facts of the matter, as Boland has found in the months past, are that none of Tipperary's Fianna Fail representatives is prepared to risk a safe future with a big party for a hazardous existence in a small one. There is an established rule among the county's latter-day representatives that one's Republicanism should be tailored to suit one's political and personal interests. When John A. Costelloe's government clamped down on I.R.A. raids on the North, Fianna Fail representatives on North Tipperary County Council were aghast at the idea and the Council passed a resolution to that effect. When, shortly afterwards, De Valera was back in power, interning the same raiders, the same councillors saw no inconsistency in voting against a motion condemning internment.

In the past year the same superb *volte face* has again been executed. At a meeting of Fianna Fail's Comhairle Dail Ceanntair at Roscrea in March, 1970, the month before the crisis, a motion was proposed congratulating Mr. Blaney on his recently-delivered Letterkenny speech on the Border and physical force. Director of Elections, Tommy Gleeson, proposed that the Oireachtas members present should give their views *first* so that there would be no question of their just swinging in with the feeling of the meeting. One by one, Dail Deputies and senators took the floor, each to utter sentiments of deeper, purer Republicanism than the last. And the motion of support for Blaney was carried *unanimously*.

Afterwards, when the government cat had jumped very decisively in the opposite direction, there was no embarrassment at all among those who had spoken at Roscrea. There was no record of the motion at Party Headquarters, there were no minutes of the discussion; in fact nobody seemed to remember anything at all about it! What speeches? What minutes? And who *is* Blaney? Within months Gleeson, after thirty years membership, had resigned from Fianna Fail, in order to forestall an attempt to expel him.

At the moment then, the dissidents can expect cold comfort in Tipperary where the lure of self-interest can be relied upon to take care of any wayward trend. At the Ard-Fheis, Senators John Nash and John Doyle were mentioned as being among their friends. This, of course, is a laugh, and indications are that Kevin Boland is not as naive about the matter as some of his supporters. John Doyle, as much as any man, and more so than most, is not motivated politically by anything of a philantropic nature. If siding with Blaney and Boland were to win him the Dail seat he so desires, he might side with them. Until it becomes obvious to him that his own interest is served by being a dissident, he will not be one. And just now the signs are that it is not very much in anyone's interest to be one.

The idea of John Nash, wealthy, aloof and hardly popular, as a dissident is even a bigger joke than that of Doyle. A company-director and a solicitor of rare ability, he is not exactly vintage Fianna Fail and his relatively Johnny-come-lately status is resented by older members. It is known that he is not enamoured by the present leadership but it has been suggested that his feelings are inspired rather by disappointment at being passed over for the Chair of the Seanad than to any disapproval of Border policy or love of Blaney-Boland. Besides, those who know him feel that whoever wins he will not be found backing a loser,

The situation then is that no Fianna Fail member of the Oireachtas will carry the banner for Kevin Boland in Tipperary. Jackie Fahey in his present post has reached his zenith and he understands the value of the bird in the hand. Michael O'Kennedy is by temperament, if not by family tradition, closer to Lynch than to Boland and his wagon is already hitched firmly to Lynch's. Noel Davern values the security of his seat and of an undivided Fianna Fail, and there's an end. Mick Smith knows that a slight drop in his vote would send him into the ranks of ex-T.D.s and so his future demands that there be no rift in Fianna Fail,

Among the rank and file there may be disappointment with the government but there is no great enthusiasm for a new party. Many of the older members simply feel they are too old to change. Fianna Fail has been part of their lives so long that they are bewildered by the very mena breakaway. And after all, this is not the first time Republican sentiment had to be swallowed to suport Fianna Fail.

In the case of the younger set, Kevin Boland and Neal Blaney are reaping the crop they helped sow. Their exercise of patronage during their years in power created a situation in which young men with ideals went elsewhere while young men with ambition joined Fianna Fail. Now all those eager young men can see no great advantage to themselves in following anybody into what looks like a wilderness.

As far as Tipperary is concerned, Kevin Boland will have to go his way alone. The county is simply too conditioned to the present party groupings to go gay as it did over twenty years ago when Clann na Poblachta injected for a brief moment new life and glamour into Irish politics. The men with memories stretching back to the beginnings of Fianna Fail are dead or tired. The young men are interested only in the politics of bread and butter — their own bread and butter.

WE CONTINUE OUR SUMMER SCHEDULE OF THREE-WEEKLY PUBLICATION. THE NEXT TWO ISSUES WILL BE PUBLISHED ON AUGUST 5th AND AUGUST 25th, AND THEN WE RETURN TO OUR FORTNIGHTLY SCHEDULE.

Diary of the Year

Wednesday, June 23 — The Amalgamated Engineering and Foundry Workers' Union decides that its strike planned to start on the weekend is to go on. Seventy-one Catholic priests from the diocese of Down and Connor and of Armagh call for an inquiry into the administration of law and order in Northern Ireland. The £200,000 Sweeps prize goes to a woman in Chicago.

Thursday, June 24 — The Supreme Court upholds the appeal of Mr. Paraic Haughey against a six months' prison sentence and strips the Dail Public Accounts Committee of power to invoke sanctions against reluctant witnesses. Two Fianna Fail members of the Dail Public Accounts Committee, Mr. Ray McSharry and Mr. Jim Tunney, state that they want the inquiry ceased until new directions from the Dail. Patrick Francis Keane after being found not guilty of the murder of Garda Richard Fallon, is arrested on a charge relating to the armed robbery of a bank at Rathdrum, Co. Wicklow, in February, 1970.

Friday, June 25 — As 600 C.I.E. mechanics go on strike the executive council of the I.C.T.U. calls for the suspension of the two striking unions. The Committee of the new Republican Party is named with Mr. Kevin Boland, former Minister for Local Government as Chairman and Captain James Kelly as Vice-Chairman. Patrick Francis Keane is remanded on bail for a week when he appears in the Dublin District Court on charges of armed robbery in Co. Wicklow.

Saturday, June 26 — The Northern Ireland Civil Rights Association asks the Taoiseach, Mr. Lynch, to clarify "what exactly his self-appointed role as second guarantor of minority right in the North entails." The President of U.C.C., Dr. M. A. McCarthy, criticises Government policy on university education which has led to a situation in which the universities are faced with a deficit of £500,000 for the coming year. The French horse, Irish Ball, wins the Irish Sweeps Derby at 7/2.

Sunday, June 27—The Amalgamated Union of Engineering Workers calls off its strike against C.I.E. Two men are tarred and feathered and one man is wounded with gunshot in Belfast. The theatrical producer and director, Mr. Frank Bailey is killed in a car accident near Galway.

Monday, June 28—The Administrative Council of the Labour Party orders the dissolution of the Fintan Lalor branch in Dublin North Central, which on earlier occasions had refused to accept the Council's decision to expel Mr. Patrick Healy.

Tuesday, June 29—The Dail Committee of Public Accounts announces its intention to ask Mr. Paraic Houghey and Mr. John Kelly to appear before it next Tuesday. Five Dublin newspapers are fined a total of £2,800 for breaching the Censorship of Publications Act 1929 in publishing High Court *a mensa et thoro* proceedings last December.

Wednesday, June 30—Fianna Fail T.D., Mr. Ben Briscoe, resigns from the Dail Public Accounts Committee. Mr. Michael Sweetman has been appointed as full-time director of the Irish Council of the European Movement, on secondment from the Confederation of Irish Industry.

Thursday, July 1—A bomb is found during a parade of about a thousand Orangemen commemorating the Battle of the Somme in Coalisland, Co. Tyrone. Two girls chain themselves to the railings of the British Embassy as part of a campaign for the release of Irish political prisoners in England.

Friday, July 2 — It is announced that legal action has been started which will challenge in the High Court the constitutionality of the laws preventing the importation of contraceptives into the Republic. Patrick Francis Keane on charges of armed robbery in Co. Wicklow last year is remanded on bail until July 30 in order to permit him to take holidays. Miss Bernadeete Devlin, M.P., at Westminster for Mid-Ulster announces that she is expecting a baby in the autumn.

Saturday, July 3—One man is seriously injured in an early-morning raid on the Mogul Mines Silvermines in Tipperary during which a transformer is blown up.

Sunday, July 4—Two British soldiers and two civilians are wounded by machine-gun fire during an attack on an army mobile patrol in the Falls Road area of Belfast. The Cork offices of the British Minstry of Pensions are wrecked by an explosion.

Monday, July 5—Mr. Charles Haughey, T.D., former Minister for Finance, has been asked by a section of the Garda Representative Body to become their financial adviser.

Tuesday, July 6—Mr. Muiris MacConghail, for five years editor of the R.T.E. Television programme "7 Days," has asked to be relieved of his post. The Minister for Foreign Affairs has a lengthy meeting with the British Foreign Secretary, Sir Alec Dougls-Home in London. The Northern Ireland Minister of Commerce, Mr. Robin Baillie, announces that his Ministry is buying £4 million worth of authorised but unissued ordinary shares in Harland and Wolff Ltd. Mr. Martin O'Leary who, was seriously injured in the attack on Mogul Mines last Saturday, dies in Limerick.

Wednesday, July 7 — The largest craft union in Ireland, The Amalgamated Union of Engineering Workers is suspended from membership of the I.C.T.U. over the strike against C.I.E. Senator Mary Robinson's contraception Bill is defeated in its first reading in the Senate.

Thursday, July 8—As two young men are shot dead by the British Army during riots in the Bogside area of Derry, the leader of the Nationalist Party, Mr. Eddie McAteer, calls for "protection" from the Dublin Government. In a graveside oration delivered at the burial of Mr. Martin O'Leary, who died from electrical burns after the destruction of a transformer at Mogul Mines, the Chief-of-Staff of the I.R.A. (Gardiner Place) indicates that the I.R.A. is preparing to adopt a greater use of physical force against lock-outs, strike breakings and evictions in the Republic.

Friday, July 9: *Mr. John Hume, S.D.L.P. member for Foyle accuses the British Army directly of lying about the circumstances in which two Derry men were shot dead during the week.* British troops and crowds clash in Derry and an Army post is attacked.

Saturday, July 10 — The offices of the British Legion in Dublin are destroyed by fire following an explosion.

Sunday, July 11 — A statement by the Taoiseach, Mr. Lynch, that Britain should declare an interest in the principle of reuniting Ireland, draws a sharp reaction from the Northern Ireland Prime Minister, Mr. Faulkner. Mr. Lynch's statement is made at ceremonies at the Garden of Rememberance, Dublin, during which a monument dedicated to the men who fought in the War of Independence is unveiled by the President, Mr. de Valera. Members of the Northern Social and Democratic Labour Party announce that they will set up a separate administration from Stormont unless an inquiry is held into the shooting of two civilians by British soldiers in Derry during the previous week.

Monday, July 12—As thousands turn out for celebration of the "Twelfth" a soldier is shot dead while on sentry duty in Belfast and rioting is renewed in Derry. An appeal for an inquiry into the deaths of two men shot by British soldiers in Derry last week is rejected by the British Minister of State for Defence, Lord Balniel.

Tuesday, July 13: The Fine Gael Party demands tough action against illegal organisations. A British soldier is shot dead when an Army patrol is ambushed in Belfast.

Hibernia Review of Books

PROUST

John Jordan

IT IS PERHAPS an impudence for a non-specialist (and there seem to be a great many Proustian specialists knocking around) to offer homage to one whom François Mauriac called 'the Saint of Art'. But for this his centenary, July 18, I venture to speak for the little ones, all those who over the better part of their adult lifes have found in Proust's audacious, almost blasphemous eternalisation of the temporal, an inexhaustible source of spiritual refreshment. I might note with disgust the fact that until very recently the little ones, unless they had French, were prevented by the Republic of Ireland Index from reading legitimately the whole of *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu*. It is true that the world of Proust leaves unshadowed none of the darker recesses of the human heart, but it is one of the ancillary miracles of his genius that he can depict the most degrading vice, the most ineffable corruption without ever resorting to the scabrous or the titillating. Perhaps from the view of neo-Jansenist orthodoxy, the major miracle of his genius is in the heroic transformation into high art of all that was murky, even vile in his own life.

Full details of that life may be found in George D. Painter's massive two-volume Life, though my friend Anthony Cronin assures me that it is inaccurate in some points and last autumn Mr. Derek Patmore assured me he had new material, granted even by Mr. Painter. (*In Search of Marcel Proust*, by Derek Patmore and published by Collins. Three other volumes relating to Proust will also be appearing this year: *Marcel Proust 1871-1922: A Centenary Volume* edited by Peter Quennell and published by Weidenfeld and Nicholson, *The World of Marcel Proust*, by Anthony Blond, published by Thames and Hudson, and, finally, *Homage to Marcel Proust*, introduced by Princess Bibesno, published by the Convent Garden Press.) But curiosity about Proust's life while it must remain tenacious is relevant only if we are members, however petty, of his dream politic. The latter fanciful trope I use recalling Jacques Maritain's statement that if Proust's masterpiece were to be written as it should be writen it would need "the interior light of a Saint Augustine."

Conor Cruise O'Brien very properly, I think, put Maritain in his place by remarking that his statement threw a curious light on the author of *The City of God*. For the record, Maritain's wife Raïssa has recorded the part the discovery of the early Proust played in the conversion of herself and her husband to Catholicism.

Except by nostaglic association God is never manifest in Proust, but for myself, and I believe for many others Proust is essentially a religious writer. In this context I recall a remark of the martyred Jewish convert Max Jacob: "There is only God — and disordered affections." God is never denied in Proust but the splendours and miseries of "disordered affections" are revealed in all their poignancy and their terror. I am not qualified to discuss the Bergsonian philosophy that informs Proust's work, but I can aver that once one enters the Proustian world one is both outside time and yet inexorably carried along on its stream, with its flotsam and doubloons, all the heterogeneous bullion of insomniac nights rendered exquisite and painful by awakened dreams of childhood.

God forgive me, but perhaps influenced by Proust's own "sanctity" I have adopted a high moral tone. Perhaps it would have been better, for the Saint's own sake, if I had stressed the richness and even the Dickensian (or perhaps Balzacian) comicality of the characterisation, the beauty of its lands, town and seascapes, the pervading fragrance of so many unexotic shrubs and flowers, the powerful grasp of the role played by the Devil in the guise of social prestige. Enough. Let Proust speak for himself: "The real force of genius is to make us love a thought which we feel to be more real than we are ourselves."

SOUTH AFRICAN NOTEBOOK

Patrick O'Connor

IMAGES OF AFRICA. By Aidan Higgins. Calder and Boyars. £1.25.

"THE plunge over the equator. Flying fish sink, porpoises rise, and evening after evening the sun goes down in formations of cloud, furnace-like, dramatic as anything in Dore's illustrations to Dante. The approaches to a new continent. Such lovely leewardings! They must lead somewhere."

Thus begins Aidan Higgins's African notebook, a sprightly discursive account of his four years 1956-1960 in South Africa, two of them touring with the John Wright Puppet Company, and two spent in Johannesburg, first in a bookshop and then as a scenario writer for a commercial film company.

African Studies now hold a respected place in the Universities of the West, and the studies of African political situations pouring from the presses are beginning to rival in number and weight the works devoted to the politics of the United States or Europe. It is not only that with the arrival of independence Africa became newsworthy. More seriously, there began to develop in the academic world a genuine ambition largely lacking in colonial times — to try to discover what actually went on in Africa. It soon became apparent that what was going on was a revolution, much more than a simple revolt from alien political control ,an upheaval in which Africans were seeking to establish their own economic and social truths.

Increasing interest in Africa led to a flood of studies, social, political, economic, antropological etc. In his book, "The African Revolution" James Cameron spoke of the chagrin that besets the man who tries to record the movement of a vast historical process that is in full development before his eyes, that shifts and changes and eludes him as he seeks to fix the pattern. For this task it could be argued that the creative artist is more likely to succeed than the socio-political writer, especially if he is content to view Africa through a narrow lens as does Aidan Higgins.

There is an old Arabic proverb that says: "Men are locked up boxes — experience opens them." Whatever his protestations to the contrary, for the traveller his journey is always its own excuse: as D. H. Lawrence exclaimed: "Comes over me an absolute necessity to move." Travel is an escape from the self, it is a two-way process, and in the end the traveller may have discovered more about himself than about others. This may explain why travel has been for some writers — I'm thinking specifically of Conrad and Melville — a precondition of creative endeavour in which travel and art became inseparable. For other writers, Stendhal, Henry James, travel is not essential to their creativity, it is something to bring relaxation, an escape from the rat-trap of the self, it is a passport to freedom including the freedom of the cursory notebook in place of the hard grind of the writing desk.

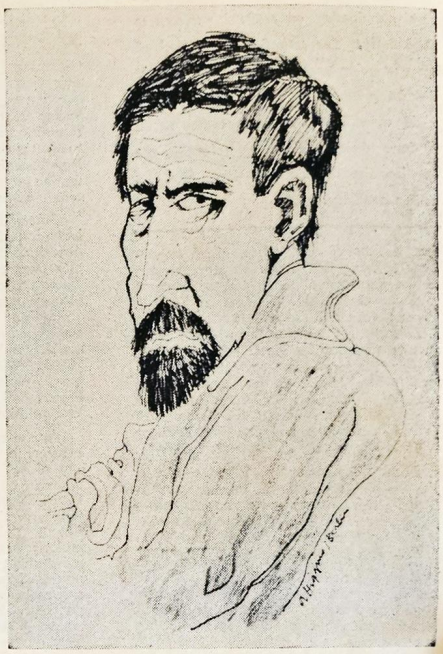
Thus, this four-year sojourn in South Africa has liberated Aidan Higgins from the pleasant agony of novel-writing, and given him what I feel this notebook really is, some of the raw material for a major work of friction. Even in these random recordings the style is there. Style is the writer's voice, it isn't a manner or decoration stuck on from the outside, it is the writer's whole personality, his way of feeling, the way his mind works, everything about him. It is the tone, the presence, the personality that stays with you — the man, in his way of handling words. Here is how Higgins paints the deadening monotony of South-West Africa: "Walvis Bay. A barrage of heat. Offal from the ship's kitchen floating astern. Seagulls squall over it, their whiteness reflected in a rainbow trail of oil. From the stagnant greenish waters of the roadstead a stench of putrescence rises, sulphuric acid, rotten eggs".

Higgins's reaction to the blatant racism of South Africa is implicit all through the diary. His sympathy is with the natives, exploited and discriminated against, but this emerges not from set denunciations of the regime but in the tone of the descriptive passages: "Africans at lunch-break, squatting on their haunches, their hands hanging, ape-like, loose at the wrists, over their knees, biding their time. They crouch there on spatulate feet, dusty and eroded in appearance, dressed in tatters: Java Man of 500,000 years ago". But at times, also, the writing makes a frontal attack on white policy in South Africa: "Coming back hazily through the cut flowers of the Indian flower market behind the Supreme Court of Justice, I see a police van driving away from the door with the arms of African prisoners thrust through the bars at the back giving the freedom Africa sign". Life in a police State — "At night we hear the raids, the boots on the fire escape, the police whistles, the crying and the bare running feet. We wait for gun shots". He describes the massacre at Sharpeville in 1960, when the police, with Saracen tanks in support, fired on and killed 69 African demonstrators, men and women, and wounded 186. The wounds in the back were so terrible that it was thought the police used dum-dum bullets. The wounds were, in fact, caused by "tumbling" bullets coming from Sten guns fired continuously without pauses between the bursts. Higgins comments: "A *Johannesburg Sart* photograph of the "weapons" used by the African insurgents at Sharpeville. In 40-45 seconds of firing, so many killed, so many wounded, so much blood. A pile of knobkerries, sticks, stones. Like what? Windfalls in a winter wood".

Higgin's own view of what the end in South Africa is likely to be is contained in the extract from "Robinson Crusoe" which precedes the text. This extract describes how Crusoe and Friday saw a group of natvies "about their fire, eating the flesh of one of their prisoners, and that another lay bound upon the sand . . . a white man . . . and that he was a European".

Although the drums of doom throb beneath many pages of the book, there are hilarious moments as well, some of them with the making of excellent short stories. Take those coastal eccentrics, the Halishams. He a retired bank manager, she a famous singer who took for lover an American Jewish remittance man who visited the house, caught a cold and stayed 25 years. "She comes naked to answer the doorbell . . . the husband wears bloomers with a slit cut for the fly; pink celanese underwear. They have adjoining rooms in the hotel. He puts his feminine underwear in the wife's washbasket; the maid holds it up and inquires whether she can mend the hole. On the beach the husband sits in a pool, Madame Conny fumbles about, trying to get one last stand; never successful. Continuous reproaches". There are novels to be written about such characters as Big Mick, the engineer from Ulster: "A muscular brute who suffers apparently from softening of the brain", and Fitzy, "the small, monkey-faced Irishman out of Cahirciveen, his features dark and his hands shaking from constant heavy brandy-drinking".

In *Images of Africa* you will find more of the real South Africa than in a shelf-full of political and sociological studies. There are inevitable longeurs in a travel notebook of this kind but these moments are but a miniscule percentage of the whole. Aidan Higgins is ploughing new ground which will yield in time a rich harvest.



Aidan Higgins.

Patrick O'Connor, who teaches in Dublin, reviews frequently for "Hibernia."

Books

THE LAST WORD

Mary Manning

KATHERINE MANSFIELD: The Memoirs of LM. Michael Joseph. £3.00.

MANY BOOKS have been written about Katherine Mansfield since her death in 1922, including the torrent of scrapbooks, journals, letters, released over the years by her unpleasant husband, John Middleton Murry. In and out of journals and letters flits a curious character designated as LM. We know now her real name is Ida Baker, and she appears to have been devoted friend, domestic help when needed, nurse attendant, whipping boy or girl for frayed nerves, and, in short, all those things KM's husband should have been and never was.

During her short life, KM produced several volumes of short stories, two of them were, in fact, novellas, "At the Bay" and "Prelude." She was very much influenced by Chekov, and as the period of reassessment has set in one might say her chief importance was she was a pioneer in the art of the English short story. Her style was later developed by Elizabeth Bowen and Elizabeth Taylor. On this somewhat slender achievement a legend has grown up around the author's personality. One surmises it was her strange ill-fated marriages, two abortions, numerous sexual adventures, and her friendships with famous writers like D. H. Lawrence, and she was wafted into London from the far antipodes. New Zealand was her home, and, though she adored London, New Zealand was in her bones and heart to the day of her death. Also she died young, which always adds to one's reputation.

Ida Baker or LM became what every heroine needs—the confidante, the waiting maid or damsel into whose willing ears you poured all your troubles, clung to in moments of stress, abused and pinched whenever you were put out, and ignored when not needed. That was the role LM played for twenty years. She played it willingly, and she apparently at the age of eighty-three, has no bitterness and no regrets.

Katherine Mansfield in 1920

What did LM have which attracted the brilliant KM in the first place? We surmise from the letters, journals and scrapbooks that she was a well-meaning bore, clumsy and inept with her hands, dreadfully humble and adoring, a human door-mat, but oh so selfless and, above all, so useful. They met at school when both were fifteen years old. "One day in the autumn of 1903, when we were just fifteen, Katherine and I were walking in the gardens of Regent Park near our school. Suddenly she turned to me with the question: "Shall we be friends?" It was not before I knew that I had found what I was to have and to be for the next twenty years." And what did LM get from this friendship?" She was and is probably one of those strange people who choose to live vicariously, who bask in reflected glory, and whether from fear, frigidity, or some psychic shock can never dare life first hand. She writes of herself: "A sense of inadequacy has haunted me throughout most of my life, and it is only quite recently that I have learned to accept and offer myself for whatever that may be." Never mind, she may have been derided and slapped around, but there was a touch of the Boswell in her. In spite of the plate smashing and tactlessness, she had a seeing eye and a good memory. This book holds little jewels of insight. "Murry considered me as a blank wall, uninstructed and unintelligent. . . I remember once at Runcton while we were walking by the marshes, he was swinging my African walking stick in his hand. It had been a personal extravagance of mine and its polished smoothness was very precious to me. He understood me so little that when he swung it so carelessly that it flew from his hands into the reeds he made no attempt to find it or make me an apology." Murry figures in this book as one of the most atrocious cads in English literary circles. To do LM justice I do not believe she meant to show him up; he just reveals himself without the mask of male beauty and the con man's manner, which must have carried him over many fences as a windbag and a fraud. "Gordon Campbell," writes LM, "was an intimate friend of Murry's circle. Katherine had a very warm feeling for him, although he was understood to have been more Murry's friend than her's, but after Campbell's marriage to Beatrice Glenavy *(sic)* in the August of 1912 the tie was loosened. Beatrice was gay and kind, but of different clay. Katherine did not seem to have the same affection for her as she always seemed to have for Gordon before he married." I particularly love LM's recollection of the Beauchamp's family doctor, who was sent to have a looksee over Katherine. As he left his cheering comment was: "Well, you won't make old bones, dear."

It is on the whole hard to see what literary importance these reminiscences have. So much, too much, has been written about Mansfield, whose reputation has diminished rather than increased over the years. She did leave us four or five beautiful short stories, but what LM thinks now hardly seems important, or, to put it brutally, worth three pounds net. True, *she* has had the satisfaction of the last word. The sad fact, however, is that it does not increase your admiration or liking for Mansfield as a person. She seems more than ever like a rather whiney self-important egotist.

Mary Manning is author of "Mount Venus," "Lovely People," and other novels.

MacMAHON ON TOUR

Mary Lappin

HERE'S IRELAND. By Bryan MacMahon. Batsford. £2.00.

BRYAN Mac MAHON, playwright, folklorist, balladist, novelist and short story writer, teacher, peripatetic lecturer and, above all, flamboyant, witty and controversial commentator is, indeed, a worthy craftsman to produce a book on Ireland.

In *Here's Ireland*, he has managed to dispense in tabloid form an easily digestible introductory chapter dealing with historic and ethnic backgrounds; thereafter, the country is divided into nine regions. There are twenty-three well-chosen photographs (but when did the Kingdom assume sovereignty over Gouganebarra?) as well as a map and index—both rather inadequate.

In the introduction, the author recalls a comment of Julius Caesar: "The Celts are forever running around the country looking for news"—a quotation that may not be an inapt one to describe his own itinerary.

Like a busy bee, he has flitted around Ireland — sometimes, one might be disposed to think, at break-neck speed—and gathered the material from which he has produced this fascinating structure of history, myths and on the spot observations of people and places. That his efforts should meet with the success this book merits is only to be expected from a man who is a born raconteur, widely informed, highly civilised in his approach and endowed with a facility for dipping into the broad sweep of our history and literature and for spicing the scenario with acusing anecdoes.

When it is lyrically descriptive, the narrative undulates sensuously, and one is drawn into it by some apparently irresistible magnetism. If it becomes high-falutin as, for instance, when he visited the Japanese Gardens at Tully, Co. Kildare: "This arboreal depiction of man's peregrinations through life . . ." it is a rare enough happening for his language generally sparkles with liveliness while the characters whom he came across are brought into living perspective.

For one, steeped as Mr. MacMahon is in native culture, it is somewhat surprising that composers, musicians and singers such as Balfe, Wallace, Harty, Catherine Hayes—possibly the greatest operatic soprano of all time, Margaret Burke Sheridan and John McCormack received no mention; Jack Yeats, the painter, has been overlooked and so, too, in the literati of Belfast, the poet, Joseph Campbell and the writer, Robert Harbinson, have eluded written notice. Harbinson's autobiographical accounts of life in the Northern capital may well become source documentaries for students groping their ways in research factories of the future. Admittedly, McCormack's name slithers in, but only in the most casual way as an erstwhile owner of Moore Abbey. Too often, fleeting references cry out for elaboration, such as, when referring to Coole, he wrote: "De Maupassant was once here to walk pondering under its noble trees." Similarly (for the benefit of those lacking "recondite ecclesiastical learning"), the story of the leap over the wall by the Nun of Kenmare might have deserved more detail, particularly as it is a debatable point whether she leaped or was pushed over.

Again, although Tom Crean's participation in Scott's South Polar expedition is mentioned twice, there is not even a whiff of information given about his epic trek across uncharted Antarctic territory to secure medical aid for Scott and his companions. As well, the narrative can be tantalisingly abrupt: we are told about an angler who had hooked a great trout at Lough Key and are left in suspense as to the outcome of the duel.

The author may, of course, have had his own good reasons for these omissions, but they are not easy to appreciate when one considers all the space devoted to Margaret Elizabeth Noble from Dungannon.

Here and there, Mr. MacMahon nods in Homer-like fashion: Bonnie Prince Charles was the grandson of James II; Larne's eccentric lady novelist was Amanda McKittrick Ros; it was the great grandfather of W. B. Yeats who had been Rector at Drumcliffe, and John Hewitt, whose name is coupled with Seamus Heaney as "a promising young poet," was writing verse long before Heaney was born. In treating of Sligo, the author wrote that, attending a Yeats International Summer School lecture, he spent the night in Collooney before attending Mass on the following morning at Tobernalt on the shores of Lough Gill. Since the Tobernalt patterns take place only on Garland Sunday, the last Sunday in July, and the summer schools have, to date, been held in the middle of August, there has been some impractical juggling with time sequences.

These are, no doubt, captious criticisms as Mr. MacMahon's book must be regarded as an essential *vademecum* for anyone journeying in Ireland. For the stay-at-home reader, it is worthy of a place on the same bookshelf as Stephen Rynne's fifteen years old *All Ireland*—another Batsford book—and this is high praise indeed.

Mary Lappin reviews frequently for 'Hibernia'

One of the illustrations from the book.

"THE MORNING IS EMPTY"

You no longer pay attention to the seasons
knowing all that is good is good till it ends
and what was between us is over.
It's as if little matters now
and while the hours bring days
the months have brought years.
Cruel is the time between us
for we can understand so little.

You should have left those boys
for they will take all you will give,
then demand what a boy can't deliver.
They'll leave only regret
and you'll not see them then;
When you need them come near, they'll be far.

You'll wake where the morning is empty,
where there's snow on the mountains,
the leaves always falling;
You should rise where the day fills with rainbows.

Peter Fallon

CHANCE IS ALWAYS POWERFUL: LET YOUR HOOK ALWAYS BE CAST.

IN A POOL WHERE YOU LEAST EXPECT IT THERE WILL BE A FISH. (Ovid)

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Books

STYLE WITHOUT VISION

Con Houlihan

DYLAN THOMAS: The Poems. Edited and Introduced by Daniel Jones. J. M. Dent and Sons. £2.50.

THE WORLD OF DYLAN THOMAS. By Clark Emery. J. M. Dent and Sons. £3.00.

Dylan Thomas

DYLAN THOMAS, God rest him, left many a myth behind — some his own creation, others sprung from the shallow imaginations of poetry's camp followers. On the surface he fulfilled only too well the pseudo-romantic image: how often he is spoken of as a vatic genius whose poems were indicted in intervals between bouts of debauchery. I didn't know Thomas, but I am fairly certain that the truth of his life was very different. Far from being a golden boy, scattering brightness on his short cut to the grave, he was an agonisingly self-critical craftsman, whose tragedy was that he never matured. Most of his poems were written, or at least drafted, before he was twenty; for reasons worst known to himself the marvellous springs went dry and the waters returned on only a few occasions in the remaining half of his life — a crucial birthday, a visit to the farm where he had spent some of his childhood, his father's last illness. Precocity can extract a high price: too often not being a child leads to not being a man.

Thomas at his best (or, to be more accurate, when he is his true self) has a freshness and boldness of language that seems the birthright of those Welsh poets who wrote in English, especially Donne, Vaughan, and Alun Lewis. But many of his poems were worked over and over as the seed-impulse disappeared he tended to compensate by an ever-increasing verbal complexity. Like Joyce, and for the same reasons, he has become a totem-figure for those Americans who hunger for opacity as an anodyne to the geometrical certainities of their own streets and fields. Daniel Jones dismisses this charge of obscurity in his notes to his new edition of Thomas's poems—an invaluable book that contains all the well-known pieces and over a hundred more that had hitherto not been generally accessible. Dr. Jones, a life-long friend of the poet and a collaborator in some of his work, postulates the existence of an entity called "absolute poetry." I think I know what he means and it is absolute rubbish. In his kind of verse the words are supposed to have a function beyond ordinary meaning — to exist as things rather than symbols. The analogy, I suppose, is with music and painting. To me it seems very wrong-headed.

I think that the primary function of language is to assuage our thirst for understanding ; the humblest word is a simplification of a very complex thing. And when confronted with such lines as

Altarwise by owl-light in the half-way house
The gentleman lay graveward in his furies

I can only rage against the dying of the light. (The "official" translation tells us that the reference is to the constellation Hercules on the night of the autumnal equinox. And that's a big help). In my childhood we used to have great fun making up such verses around the fire at night but it was called nonsense rhyming in the naked parish where I grew a man.

Clark Emery's book, already something of a classic in America, is a very ambitious attempt to chart the waters of Thomas's mind. He has made similar studies of Blake and Pound and is obviously a brave man; sometimes he dives so deep that one is relieved to see him return to the surface. He is immensely learned and his intelligence and integrity are palpable. I started reading his book with the feeling that I was

(Continued on Page 11.)

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TOWERS AND CROSSES

Maurice Craig

IRISH ECCLESIASTICAL ARCHITECTURE. By Arthur Champneys. With Introduction by Liam de Paor. Irish University Press. £12.60.

HAVING REPRINTED Strickland and the *Georgian Society Records*, the I.U.P. are continuing their policy of making again available the scarce texts of Irish art-history by reprinting Champneys, which first appeared in book form in 1910. In general, architectural histories of that epoch leave much to be desired by modern standards. In some respects this is true of Champneys also; most obviously in the total failure to provide a single plan in the entire book. There is, in fact, only one drawing: a page of "late Irish mouldings". Contrast this with the lavish provision of plans and drawings of mouldings and details of every sort in the three volumes of H. G. Leask's *Irish Churches and Monastic Buildings* which appeared between 1955 and 1960.

But in spite of this weakness, the book has indeed the great value which Liam de Paor claims for it in his introduction. Champneys was the first writer to bring a thorough knowledge of the mediaeval architecture of England and the Continent to the study of the Irish material. Nor was he content to rely, for the most part, on other people's observation. On page after page there are clear indications that Champneys had been there himself and taken careful note of what he found. He also took a great many photographs, and something like 300 of them are reproduced in this book.

Where Leask gives us a drawing of a capital or a doorway, Champneys gives us a photograph. I am bound to admit that, for me, the advantage generally lies with Leask. Though most Irish churches are roofless, and consequently open to direct sunlight, the sun does not always shine so brightly as we could wish, on the one day when we have managed to reach some out-of-the-way building. Furthermore, Irish stones are frequently, though prettily, discoloured with lichen, and the carving, especially in the Romanesque period, is often so shallow and so subtle that the camera is lucky to catch it. The photographs in the original edition of Champneys are all too often grey and non-committal: re-photographed, as they have been for this edition, and printed on the same laid paper as the text, they have inevitably lost some of the rather meagre stock of definition with which they started. Art-paper is admittedly an unpleasing substance, but it does at least favour definition.

Bibliographers will note that the book is not, strictly, the facsimile which its publishers claim it to be. Since the pages formerly on art-paper have now been machined with the text, the collation is different and the signatures have gone. So have the directions for the placing of the plates. The leaf of advertisements following page 258 is, very properly, present; and so, on page 131, is a mark made by a former owner of the copy used for photo-reproduction. Yet such is the technical quality obtainable from this method of reproduction that there is nothing to choose between the quality of the letterpress in the two editions.

One great advantage which Champneys has over Leask is that he deals with the Round Towers which Leask unaccountably omitted. (If a Round Tower is not an "Irish Monastic Building" then what is it?). But this is far from being the only reason for reading Champneys in conjunction with Leask. It is always dangerous to rely on one book, however good; just as it is dangerous to listen always and only to one recording of a piece of music. Thus, on the vexed and tantalising question of whether Irish so-called "cyclopean" masonry is an indication of date, Champneys comes to much the same conclusion as Leask, but on an independent set of observations, including one of "the wall of a cutting on the railway near Kingstown".

Champneys, again, unlike Leask, takes some notice of the house-shaped tombs (Banagher, Bovevagh, Carran etc.) which have, perhaps, a slightly better claim to be called "architecture" than the grave-slabs and High Crosses which he also includes for the light they throw on Irish ornament generally. There is no lack of books on the High Crosses, but the Round Towers and other miscellaneous stone objects are unlikely now to have a book to themselves.

There are other many good reasons for reading Champneys, and they are succinctly set forth in Liam de Paor's compactly informative introduction. This reprint is a service to all students of the subject.

Maurice Craig is author of "Dublin 1660-1860" and "The Personality of Leinster."

(Continued from Page 10.)

in the presence of a new kind of intelligence, a mind so sensitive to words that it could apprehend verbal patterns inscrutable to mere mortals. And yet, and yet . . . one would be more impressed only that his own use of language isn't always of the happiest. As well, his interpretations of comparatively lucid pieces sometimes seem rather odd, and he is wrong in at least one instance involving verifiable fact. And, fair play for him, he has foisted some extraordinary new words on a suspecting public. Yet this is a very fine book and should be read by all who care about poetry. Sometimes the mountain is in labour and Mickey Mouse comes forth but, all in all, Clark Emery provides a tremendous amount of food and drink for thought. Most of all he makes you think very deeply (and so does Daniel Jones) about the nature of poetry and, indeed, of art in general.

I don't pretend to know what poetry is but I think I know what it isn't. Devotees of Thomas will argue that his luminous opacity is the expression of a most original poetic imagination; I feel that, for instance, Thomas Hardy and Edward Thomas, though seeming so constructive, are by far the more original. One is hardly aware of their language but the words quietly enter your mind and take up dwelling. Thomas's poems open the gates of the imagination but too often nothing comes in. I feel that Deopardi was right in his belief that all great concepts are born out of metal heat; the artist's task is to fashion a mould to capture the fire. Too often Thomas's poetry seems the result of cunning, the synthetic product of a man who carried the albatross of style without vision. D. H. Lawrence used to talk about the messages that come to us from the depths of the earth, about the faculty that apprehends those subtle compounds of the physical and the spiritual, those emanations we all feel but cannot all articulate. The disturbing thing about Thomas's poetry is that it seems to exist in a kind of limbo, to have no roots in any place, least of all in Wales. It might as easily have been written in Colombus, Ohio as in Swansea or Laugharne.

Those who lament the traditional poverty of poets should take stock of Thomas's career. Far from starving in a garret he was too much in the sun. He was ruined by the public relations men of literature. Fashions are started by knaves and followed by fools; Thomas found himself on a bandwagon and by the time he realised his predicament the speed was too great for him to jump off. The last years of his life were pathetic beyond words. No polar explorer ever suffered as he did on his journeys around America. He would have been better-off as a pot-boy in the humblest pub in Swansea. There at least he would have been part of the workaday world from which he became insulated when Fame granted him her dubious favours. Work for most of us is not only an economic necessity — it is also a kind of shoring against time: the farmer and the miner and the footballer can look back in old age and take solace in the solidity of their achievements; the artist, however, will always be tormented by self-doubt. I think Thomas was especially tormented; I believe there is a natural relation between concept and word which Thomas in the main wilfully ruptured — and he was far too shrewd not to be aware of it. Why are such pieces as "Farn Hill," "Poem In October", and "Too Proud To Die" so blessedly lucid? Because, I feel, Thomas knew the good wine when it flowed and it needed no push.

He left only a handful of genuine poems—but we should be thankful for big mercies. The bulk of his verse is thesis-fodder: it provides a source of harmless amusement for those who have nothing better to do than spend their days indulging in unverifiable speculation. Birth, speculation, and death — that's all, that's all.

Dylan Thomas left this world on a grey New York Monday morning twenty years ago. Two days before he spoke his last coherent words: "It is Saturday night in my home town and in the pubs the men have their arms around each other and they are singing". No exegetist is needed to explain. Dylan Thomas died of loneliness, the loneliness of one who had no roots in any society and the death-loneliness that comes from betraying your own genius. And genius he had, and despite all his faults he will be remembered.

Con Houlihan is presently completing a study on Modern American Literature.

DEATH

Deep
In the lonely graveyard
Lies my brother
Asleep
His body is there
Forever
Beside him the
Earth
Is silent
His white hands
Stopped playing
His heart stood
Still
Eyelids closed and
Lips turned
White
God
Why
Do you want
To take
A child
So small?

Karan Meldrum
(Ten)

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ATAVISTIC SALVAGES

THOMAS DILLON REDSHAW discusses the work of the poet F. R. Higgins

F. R. HIGGINS was buried in Laracor thirty years ago. Few people seem to miss that fresh-faced man in Yeats' vested suiting: fewer still seem to miss his talent. True, his name survives attached to Abbey anecdotes or above his anthology pieces — "Father and Son" and "Song and the Clatter-bones". But Higgins's lyrics no longer seize us — "modern" townsmen — for they seem spun out of some woolly, atavistic dream of a merely Ireland-ish country peopled only by Yeats' Raftery and roving beggarmen, by Yeats', Synge and impassioned queens.

In *Island Blood* (1925) and *The Dark Breed* (1927) Higgins masters those poetic conventions open to the inventions of his generation of Revival poets. Like Austin Clarke's in *Pilgrimage* (1929), these draw on Irish Ossianic, Romanesque, and Jacobite verse. In this range Higgins' own selection is governed by a peculiar intensification of Romantic nationalism — "Gaelicism". Like Clarke, Higgins adopted a tradition sanctified by Yeats and, particularly, by Thomas MacDonagh. However, he reacted to its Yeatsian tints by intensifying it beyond Yeats' and even AE's articulations. In his notes to *The Dark Breed*, Higgins asserts:

> The racial strength of a Gaelic artistocratic mind — with its vigorous colourings and hard emotion — is easily recognised in Irish poetry, by those acquainted with the literature of our own people. Like our Gaelic stock, its poetry is sun-bred; twilight for it is just the tremulous smoke of one day's fire. Not with dreams but with fire in the mind, the eyes of Gaelic poetry reflect a richness of life and the intensity of a dark people, still part of our landscape.

To the Revival ideology Higgins added: a drift of foggy racialism, a faith in *Fuil agus Anam*, and a willing unconsciousness so profound it seems pure atavism. Such assumptions explain *Island Blood's* election of challenges and conventions. They document Higgins' literative obsessive pursuit of his *Mystere vital*, which he seeks because its *created* image is lost to him. And his real powers of poetic articulation seem limited by that mystery he pursues and, pursuing, surrender's consciousness to.

Perhaps Higgins should be the most intensely, even excessievly musical of Irish poets since O'Rahilly, and, like O'Rahilly or Cavalcanti, musical in that conventional sense — unlike Dylan Thomas or W. R. Rodgers. As sheer music impels them, most of Higgins' poems are strictly lyrical — hardly contemplative. In this way *Island Blood's* lyrics are typical; they entertain the "Ir h Line" divined by Larminie, MacDonagh, Clarke, and Farren. Yet, though Higgins intimately accents his lines with Irish folksong, they often appear formal unstable on the page. If his stanza composes eight, short lines, it tends, as in "Connemara" to read aloud as four, long lines. And, as in "The Return of Niamh", the converse often occurs.

Formal insecurities in *Island Blood* are thematically accompanied by an allegiance to legendary ware — *personage* or subjects from Sheba, Deirdre, and Helen to Grainne O'Malley. Using these and their paraphernalia ("P.Q."), excluding more personal employments, Higgins loses himself in the wildernesses of the Past, of Ireland's West — in an Edenic, Arcadian *Tir-na-nOg*. Touched by myth, such a designed escape renders the real accomplishments of the poems. Romantically pastoral. *Island Blood's* evocations touch upon the *Mystere feminin* and Muse-poetry. That strain determines *The Dark Breed* (1927), which opens with "A Petition" — to a syncretic Muse seen in Gran Uaile — and closes with "A Plea" — an *aisling* from the Muse to the poet:

> O poets, you in whom my beauty shone,
> Come flush me with new praise, for I am Ireland,
> Grown old and ashen with a touch of dawn!

By restraining legend, Higgins simplifies, purifies the pastoral aspect of *The Dark Breed*. Here is an oddly abstract, imagined world peopled out of a mythical folklore by hermits and red-headed girls, by tinkers and roving playboys. Higgins' knowledge of it is expert, if confining. It is a wished-for, not found world, for a typical lyric presents Higgins' quest for imaginative vitality — music, dance — as narrowly lost to him, the "Son" in "The Unknown Woman's Son". Many lyrics are moved by an intangible sense of loss that leads Higgins to colour his Muse-quest with a supernatural, but punative, hue. However, as English poetry has assimilated such Irish conventions, only the atypical lyrics still speak directly. "Celebrations" does so in an insistent, accurately toned portrait of ingrained Orangeism that embodies a world, a situation that still exists:

> . . . So marshal up, you Scarva men,
> And trudge home to your care,
> Where work is done by me and mine,
> Who stocked your hiring fair . . .

If, unlike Clarke's *Pilgrimage*, *The Dark Breed* wants distance and self-knowledge, it is because the poems intimate the desiring escape of a Protestant self-consciousness into folk life's assimilating Catholicity. Only such surrender of individuality to traditional life seems to solace Higgins' intellectual hysteria.

More adventurous and less consistent, *The Gap of Brightness* (1940) seems a new exploration for Higgins. Though lyrical, its modes swing from the satiric to the elegaic, the Gothic to the personal, Such variety is aided by expressively various tonalities: lyric or invocative, intimate or colloquial, agitated or melodramatic. Textured stanzas and lines shape monologues that shed *personae* to free an individual voice that seems, nearly, Higgins' own. Nearly so, because Higgins' poetic fidelities remain fixed, as "Repentance" or the close of "The Gap of Brightness" shows. Nearly so, because Higgins adopts Yeats' "Wicked Willie" pose. What is bracing, wild about Yeats' late *personae* becomes somewhat pathetic in Higgins' "Song for the Clatterbones", or "Glory O!".

Yeats' presence in *The Gap of Brightness* has one salutary effect: Higgins gains a firmer point from which his verse may critically relate to his present. So, Higgins adeptly etches a portrait of a "pensioned man" in "The Past Generation" — one like Kavanagh's portrait of Paddy Magaire. Similarly, Higgins' *hic-et-nunc* is drawn into "Auction!" Yeats' theme of friendship pulls Higgins into the present in his gently or wildly elegaic valedictions to Smyllie, Gogarty, O'Conaire, Macnamara, and Doyle. For a poet who had so little use for his present, these poems seem odd, yet their knowledge — Higgins' sense of his own ending — helps to widen his poetic grasp. Like many in *The Gap of Brightness* these poems suggest that the world Higgins had nearly imagined had already parted from him, and he from it. It may be instructive to speculate: had Higgins not died at forty-five, he might have been forced to rally his skills *contre le Neant*.

F. R. Higgins.

Higgins' poetry appears an extreme intensification of one aspect of Anglo-Irish tradition in pursuit of an assuaging surrender of consciousness.

In this way, Higgins' *personnae* point out distant weaknesses in Yeats' Old Tom and Crazy Jane.

The conceptual flaws are ultimately more pronounced than the formal virtues, for the poetry aspires to an atavism that hardly satisfies contemporary sensibilities. It projects an anti-urban pastoralism imaging a previously discovered, now deconsecrated, rural life — the direct antithesis to Kavanagh's parochialism. The poetry's central filament of infantilism is simply not regressive *enough*. It lights an ideological, perhaps precious, world, but it does not dare the radical infantility that illuminates Fitzmaurice's fantasies, Berryman's *Dream Songs*, or Vasko Popa's parables. Higgins' atavistic pursuit of tradition did not prove direct, pure enough, for pre-established tradition was too loud a buzz in his ear. But, perhaps Higgins' preoccupations seem exiled to a myth that is too easily dismissed at three decades' distance?

F. R. Higgins, *Salt Air*, Dublin, Irish Bookshop, 1923.
——., *Island Blood*, London. The Bodley Head, 1925.
——.,*The Dark Breed*, London, Macmillan, 1927.
——., *Arable Holdings*, Dublin, The Cuala Press, 1933.
——., *The Gap of Brightness*, London, Macmillan, 1940.

Thomas Dillon Redshaw's "Such a Heart Dances Out," a New Writer's Press Versesheet, is to be published soon.

POEMS FROM THE NORTH

Michael Smith

AN ULSTER RECKONING. By John Hewitt. Published by the Author. 15p.

ENERGY TO BURN. By James Simmons. The Bodley Head. 90p.

AN ULSTER RECKONING is the chronicle of a poet's attempt to come to terms with the violent events which have taken place in Ulster during the last couple of years. As John Hewitt says himself in the foreword to this small book: "To one living outside Ireland the impact of the terrible days of August, 1969, was heartbreaking. As I could not readily walk among the barricades with my white flag, I found release for my sense of frustration in verse." A good man, a humane, decent tolerant, cultured man; in a word, a liberal, both inside and outside politics.

The poems possess the qualities of the man. They plod along quietly and reasonably. The first two poems, "An Ulsterman" and "The Dilemma", represent attempts by Hewitt to place himself in the context of northern society:

> "This is my country. If my people came from England here four centuries ago, the only trace that's left is in my name."

He emerges as a middle-class, Ulster Protestant, emancipated from, yet the victim of the bigotted religiosity indigenous to the province . . .

> "it long has been my bitter luck to be caught in the cross-fire of their false campaign."

Next there follow two poems, "In This Year of Grace" and "Street Names", which are concerned with the impact of the first news of the August troubles:

> "I hear the street names on the radio and map reported bomb or barricade."

After these there follow poems describing and assessing the *dramatis personae* — Bernadette Devlin, Paisley, Chichester Clarke, Bunting etc.

As sociology (and one cannot help taking it pretty much as that), *An Ulster Reckoning* contains no new insights, nothing that this reviewer hasn't already heard (How many times!): in the North there is a society in which fear "justifies" injustice; in which frustration and despair erupt in violence; in which a precarious balance of pressures obsesses and narrows consciousness: a sorry, painful and exploited human mess. And how does Hewitt relate to it? His most explicit statement is contained in "Memorandum for the Moderates":

> "Speak peace and toleration. Moderate your tone of voice, and everywhere avoid what might provoke. Goodwill must be deployed in efforts to restore our balanced state. To long-held views sincere give proper weight; one brief rash word and all might be destroyed. Ignore that man who prates of Marx or Freud: we know what lies behind this old debate."

This poem seems to me to bespeak the central failure of the whole book, both as poetry and sociology. I mean the failure of bourgeois liberalism to influence society effectively, because the liberal will not decide and therefore cannot act, merely mouth, albeit sincerely, the old tags of "peace" "toleration", "goodwill" and "keeping one's head". Nowhere in this book does John Hewitt tell us convincingly what lies behind this whole debate. It is pathetic, yet perfectly understandable that a Northern liberal of Hewitt's age and intelligence should be driven into the simple-minded lunacy of stating that Marxism is irrelevant to the troubles in the North.

James Simmons.

The ineffectiveness of the liberal outlook permeates the poetry, producing a languourously prosaic diction and tired rhythms, a total lack of lively imagery and terms of intellectual comprehension that are a throw-back to the 19th century. Though John Hewitt is doubtless a good man, I'm afraid that this book of his has little or nothing to do with poetry, at least as I understand it.

James Simmons, another Northerner, is fairly well known in the South as the ex-editor of *The Honest Ulsterman*, a frequently appearing and apparently haphazardly assembled literary magazine. When Simmons occupied the editorial chair of that magazine, many of his preoccupations, evident in this collection of his poems, were also to be seen there. Among them sex figured prominently.

If he has little else, Simmons, at least to judge by these poems, most certainly has "energy to burn". Perhaps as a consequence of this, his view of life tends to be too narrowly sexual (I was almost on the point of saying vaginal): bed, the mistress, the wife, love (?), combinations of these and the pleasures thereof. A kind of vulgarly robust humour and down-to-earth honesty are mercifully, but not always redemptive. To say no more, the work of James Simmons bears a striking resemblance to that of Rudyard Kipling, author of the wildly notorious *Bedroom Ballads* and of the much-loved popular song "Underneath the Lamplight".

Michael Smith is Editor of the literary quarterly, "The Lace Curtain."

BOOKCHAT

Maurice Sweeney

THE Arts Council here should take a tip from a recent project started by their Northern Ireland counterpart. This is the recently published *Under the Moon, Over the Stars*, an anthology of poetry by young people between the ages of five and eighteen, chosen and edited by poet Michael Longley. The collection, which is divided into three parts, "Things", "Death" and "Animals" contains some interesting eye-openers. I had forgotten how original and refreshingly uncontaminated children could be, though the chances of them retaining any of this by the time the educational system has finished with them, I reckon to be tragically small. A sample of the type of material in the collection can be found on page 11.

Children living in the South *did* get a chance lately to exercise their literary talents. This was with the Short-Story Competition which was sponsored by the magazine *Young View* and Dunlop. Those stories which were awarded prizes can be found in the latest edition of *Young View*.

* * *

SAMUEL BECKETT endorses a new publication from the New Writers' Press coming out next month, with a foreward to the *Collected Poems* of his old friend Thomas McGreevy. This is number two in the Press's projected Zozimus Poetry Books. The third one will be the *Selected Poems* of Brian Coffey, another poet of the same generation as McGreevy, but who has not as yet (besides this one) had a big collection of his work published. Another series which the Press has on its hand is the Veresheets; the next one will be a personal and critical essay by James Liddy on Patrick Kavanagh. This comes later this month.

* * *

GLANCING through Cyril O Ceirnín's recent, excellent translation of An tAthair Peadar O Laoghaire's *Mo Sceal Fein* (Mercier Press 50p) I notice from one of his footnotes that he believes an tAthair Peadair to be Padraig Pearse's first teacher of Irish. This is not correct, however, though a lot of people have been under the same impression. Pearse's first teacher of Irish was in fact one Padraig O Laoghaire, another West Cork man who died at the young age of 25 in 1896 and is buried in Castletownbere. Author of *Sgeuluidheacht Cuige Mumhan*, he was also the second person to be appointed as Secretary of Conradh na Gaeilge.

One person who believes that Padraig O Laoghaire deserves some recognition is author Diarmuid O Suilleabhain. Just at the beginning of this week he announced the details of a plan to erect a memorial stone over O Laoghaire's grave at Castletownbere.

* * *

MEDICAL students aren't what they used to be. Not since the days, I suppose, when Oliver St. John Gogarty was doing his educational tour of Dublin's three medical schools, have they been in any way noted for participation in literary or other related affairs. The only thing that sticks in my own mind about them, from my college days, is a band of hefty and dangerous looking rugby players, although I am now informed that even these are in decline.

A brave effort, however, I'm glad to say, is now being made to revive some of the old medical-literary tradition, with the founding last January of the Gogarty Medical Student Society, by a group of students, the aim of which is to foster through competitions and meetings any literary ambitions which medical students may have. The first main function of the Society will be on Sunday, 25th July when a plaque will be unveiled on the wall of Oliver St. John Gogarty's birthplace at 5 Parnell square.

NEXT MONTH we will be able to witness the second round in what some people are already calling the fight of the century—that is, the bout between heavyweight Norman Mailer and the lighter, but capable, Miss Kate Millett. The occasion is the publication of Mailer's *The Prisoner of Sex* in which he is expected to mete out some heavy punishment in revenge for the very effective body punching (some below the belt) which he received from Miss Millett in her *Towards Sexual Politics*. Some say it will be sheer murder, in fact, but Miss Millett is no bleeder. The promoters are Weidenfeld and Nicolson.

* * *

WHILE re-reading parts of James Plunkett's *Strumpet City* some time ago it struck me that, apart from some accounts of the rise of trade unionism in this country and various pamphlets from the Communist presses (particularly Connolly's *Labour in Irish History*), no one had as yet written a detailed and definitive account of the rise (historically, not politically of course) of the Irish working class. This observation proved to be untimely, however, as I discovered that Peter Beresford Ellis, who already has *The Scottish Insurrection of 1820* to his credit, has undertaken such a task and the fruit of his work will be published next year by Gollancz under the title *A History of the Irish Working Class*. A socialist I'm glad to say, Mr. Ellis' work ranges from pre-feudal times up to the present day.

Much of the work is naturally taken up with the various co-operatives and related movements of the last century, an area in which, I feel, lies the potentiality for a book of its own. Perhaps Mr. and Mrs. Michael Viney (the closest equivalent I suppose we have to Sydney and Beatrice Webb) or even Dr. Louis Smith could oblige?

* * *

WHAT I call being a successful historian is having two major publications in one year, not mind in the same month — which is exactly what Leon O Broin has done. Apart from his study of the rise of Fenianism, *Fenian Fever* which is being published next month by Chatto & Windus, Sidgwick and Jackson are also bringing out in August his *The Prime Informer*. This is a piece of historical detective work concerned with a suppressed scandal at the beginning of the century and involving Arthur Balfour and William Henry oyce.

Another volume from Sidgwick and Jackson, this one in September, is *The Rajah from Tipperary* by Maurice Hennessy and concerns itself with the extraordinary life of a debauched and highly sexed peasant from Tipperary, one George Thomas who found true happiness by becoming the leader of an Indian State by the name of Hariana. The author, Maurice Hennessy, you may remember once wrote a column for the *Sunday Independent*, and is author of *The Congo* and *I'll Come Back in the Springtime*.

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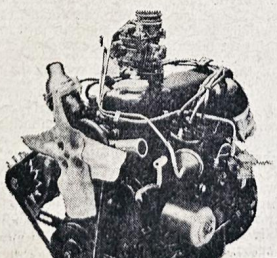

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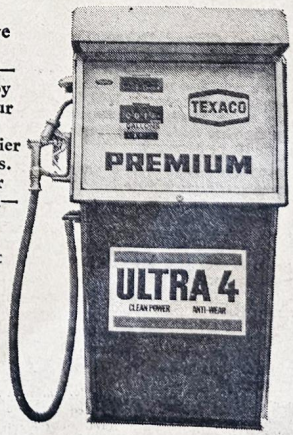

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GENERATIONS OF VIOLENCE

Andrew Boyd

ANDREW BOYD is a political commentator, an economist and economic historian. He has in his time written for UNESCO and for the New Statesman, Tribune, the Spectator, the Economist, the Nation, as well as for numerous newspapers in Ireland, in Britain, and throughout the world. He is a frequent broadcaster on B.B.C., Independent Television, Radio-Telefvision Eireann, and on the continent networks. His book on the origins of sectarian disturbances in the North, Holy War in Belfast, has been one of the best-selling paperbacks in Ireland. His History of the Irish Trade Unions will be published by Anvil Books in September. He is at present writing a book on the essence of Irish politics.

MR. JUSTICE SCARMAN and his two colleagues on the Tribunal of Inquiry into the riots and disturbances in Northern Ireland have completed the hearing of evidence and are now preparing their report. Evidence taken in Derry, Armagh, and Belfast runs into many volumes of typed foolscap; the report should be published this autumn or early next year.

But will the report reveal anything about sectarian attitudes in Northern Ireland that is not already known to those people who have lived in the midst of the disturbances or who, like Judge Scarman, have studied the problem deeply? Will the evidence presented to the tribunal differ essentially from the evidence given before tribunals set up to inquire into sectarian riots in former times?

In essence the evidence presented to Scarman will most likely be the same as the evidence presented to the tribunals which investigated riots in Belfast in 1857, in 1864, and in 1886. There were no official inquiries into the major Belfast riots of 1872 or 1893, nor into the prolonged pogrom that brought the city to its lowest state of misery between 1920 and 1922. There was also no official report on the riots of 1935. Somewhere, however, there should be a magistrates' report on the riots which broke out in 1898, when the Nationalists of Belfast commemorated the centenary of the '98 Rebellion.

Judge Scarman who has, no doubt, read the reports on the earlier riots must have been appalled at what seems to be an endless pattern of violence, arson, murder and sectarian hatred. Perhaps he has wondered at the atavistic behaviour of the urban mobs, the partisan responses of the political leaders, the almost predictable reactions of policemen and Army officers. And like his predecessors on the earlier tribunals he has listened to the pleas for peace and tolerance from those clergymen who, unlike Roaring Hugh Hanna in the nineteenth century and Ian Paisley today, do not have an interest in sectarian disorder.

In every period of rioting in Belfast the same parts of the city have been the centres of disorder—Shankill Road and Falls, Ballymacarrett which is East Belfast, York Street, North Queen Street, Old Lodge Road. People with similar names and from the same streets have arisen from time to time, like phantoms, to act out the same tragedy and to be recorded in the columns of the newspapers, in the verdict of a coroner's court, or in the report of a tribunal of inquiry.

Father Padraig Murphy who is today parish priest in St. Peter's of the Lower Falls has his predecessors—Fr. Madden in 1872, Fr. Magee in 1886. They too urged their people to desist from violence, negotiated with the police and Army officers, or went through the streets at night when the mobs gathered.

The Central Citizens' Defence Committee in which Fr. Murphy is a leading and influential figure, had its historical counterpart in the Catholic Committee of 1893. Both committees have published pamphlets and propaganda in defence of the people they represent. In 1893, for example, the Catholic Committee replied to what was alleged to be misleading statements on the riots made in the House of Commons by John Morley, the Home Secretary.

The 1893 Committee was a group of leading Catholic citizens who considered it their duty "to tender advice to their co-religionists and to act as intermediaries between them and the government." And that is exactly what the Belfast CCDC does today. It is what a committee of Catholics and upholders of civil rights did in 1935 when they compiled a "blue-book" on the riots of that year and sent it to every member of the British Parliament.

Reading the submissions of the 1893 Committee to Morley is like reading a report from the CCDC today. For example, "when the disturbances did arise meetings of the committee were held day by day . . . information was sought from all sources within the reach of the members and submitted to the strictest scrutiny."

That, of course, is routine. It is what any citizens' defence committee would do. More interesting is what follows because it also is as relevant today as it was in 1893. The committee said they were "dissatisfied with the management of the local police force" and had become aware, "through statements made by the Home Secretary in the House of Commons," of what they described as "the grossly inaccurate and misleading information sent by the authorities in Belfast to the Chief Secretary."

The committee complained to the Home Office about the indifference and inaction of the police while the homes and business premises of Catholics were being attacked by Protestant mobs, about the intimidation and expulsion of Catholic workmen from the Belfast shipyards, and about a riotous procession of shipyardmen into the centre of Belfast.

The Belfast shipyards at Queen's Island have been a stronghold of the Protestant militants for more than a hundred years. In 1864 a march of men from the Island was the beginning of a week of murder, arson and rioting. The shipyardmen marched through all the riot periods, in 1872, in 1886 in 1912. They marched to intimidate the authorities and overawe the Catholics. Six thousand of them marched in April this year, demanding the "internment of all known IRA men."

These shipyardmen have for generations terrorised their Catholic workmates. In 1893, according to the evidence which the Catholic Committee sent to Morley, they attacked the Army and the Royal Irish Constabulary. And they attacked the Catholics with such violence that many were severely injured.

A doctor named Moore later testified that he attended Thomas Devlin, a shipyard boilermaker, and found that besides numerous bruises to his limbs and face he was suffering from a heavy discharge of blood from the bowels. Moore reported that the haemorrhage could have been the result of a blow on the abdomen. He also attended Myles McNiff who had been kicked about the head and chest so severely that he was unable to stand upright and suffered from violent pains and shock.

That was how the militant Protestant shipyardmen treated their Catholic workmates in 1893. They killed a man in 1886. They drove all the Catholics from the shipyards in 1920 after Edward Carson had alleged that Sinn Feiners were holding jobs while loyal people were unemployed. This expulsion of the Catholics, and of any Protestants who sympathised with them, was the beginning of a terror that lasted for two years and resulted in 455 Belfast people being killed and another 2,000 wounded.

In June last year the militant Protestant shipyardmen again drove the Catholics from their jobs, but the trade unions intervened in good time and told the expelled workers to return. But none of the intimidators were dealt with, either by the unions or by the authorities. Mr. J. R. Edwards who was then chairman of the shipyards issued a notice which stated that:

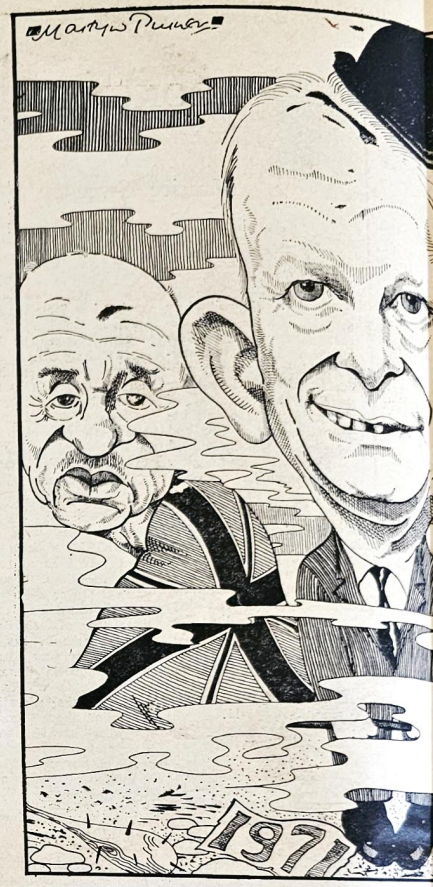
"The company are determined that all employees, irrespective of their religious beliefs, should be able to work in an atmosphere free from intimidation. Accordingly, anyone who is subjected to any pressure whatever, and from any source within the company, should report the matter immediately to his relevant personnel office. Any employee who is proved to have used threats or intimidation against any other employee will be instantly dismissed."

The notice which was posted by the shipyard management in similar circumstances in 1893 was less direct. It stated that: "In consequence of the continued disturbance at meal times in these works they will for the present not be opened until 8.30 a.m. when those who wish to start must have their breakfast taken. We trust no further disturbances will take place as we should be sorry to adopt more severe measures: and we may point out to those of our men who care for the cause of the Union that nothing could be more injurious to it than the proceedings which have taken place at these works."

The "cause of the Union" meant, of course, the United Kingdom.

Drunkenness has always been an immediate cause of rioting in Belfast. So, in times of disorder the authorities have closed the public houses. They were closed last year, even on that day of celebration Twelfth of July, and Sir Arthur Young, Chief Constable of the Royal Ulster Constabulary, reported that the effect was good. In earlier riots the magistrates closed the pubs, but instead of helping to restore peace the closures then merely incited the mobs to further violence. They attacked and looted public houses on Shankill Road, in York Street, and elsewhere in the city.

Crime increases when there is communal unrest. People who are not normally criminals are encouraged to break the law when there is anarchy in the streets. Everyday criminals whom the police can keep in check in normal times flourish. Burglars, car thieves, bank robbers, petty extortionists and racketeers of every sort get busy when they know their victims are unprotected, and the police engaged elsewhere quelling riots.



And so the incidence of crime has soared in Northern Ireland since the present troubles began. Not a day passes without the press reporting a wages snatch, a bank robbery, the theft of cars, or a hold-up. The theft of cars has so increased that no car can be left safely even in the busiest street. Criminals from across the channel are coming into Northern Ireland to take advantage of the chaos and abscond with their loot.

Many recent crimes have been in some degree political. Cars have been stolen to carry out guerilla raids, and banks robbed for money to buy guns and ammunition. There is now no clear dividing line between crime with a political motive and ordinary crime. Some criminals have gone so far as to announce themselves as "members of the IRA" when they attack their victims. Moreover, few of the criminals have been caught. And none of the people responsible for the several political murders of the past twelve months have been arrested, even though an experienced team from Scotland Yard, and not the RUC, are making the investigations.

Riots, looting, crime, and political instability are interlinked in a sordid and complex pattern. Looters are nothing but criminals who act under the cover of chaos and the protection afforded by large numbers of unruly people. Their motive is greed for goods rather than political revenge, though it would seem from the fact that Catholic-owned public houses have been attacked and looted more often than any other sort of business premises that there is also a sectarian motive. Yet Protestant mobs on Shankill Road have looted shops that belonged to other Protestants.

The fact that public houses owned by Catholics have been the most frequent targets for attack in Protestant districts is a matter that an interested psychologist might investigate. Do the rioters who loot these premises feel guilt at having bought liquor from Roman Catholics? Is there an emotional conflict between the Protestant puritanism of the Orangemen and the fact that Orangemen have not been noted for their temperance in the use of alcohol. The County Grand Lodge of Belfast once declared that "any member of the Orange Institution found frequenting Roman Catholic public-houses would be guilty of conduct unbecoming an Orangeman and would be charged and dealt with according to the rules of the Order."

In what the Unionists call the "no-go" parts of Belfast the Provisional IRA, the IRA Regulars, or both have set up their own system of courts for dealing with criminals and other offenders. The punishment is primitive and consists usually of public degradation in which the offender is placarded and tarred and feathered.

These no-go areas, if they still exist, are all Catholic-inhabited, but in 1886 there were Protestant no-go areas when the magistrates succumbed to pressure from Hugh Hanna and other Protestant clergymen and withdrew the Royal Irish Constabulary from Shankill Road. That was after the police, whom Hanna described as "murderers in livery" had killed seven people in a mob of Protestant rioters.

Today when a riot breaks out in Belfast, Derry, Dungiven or any other place, there is always a demand, either from the Unionists or from the Opposition politicians, for the withdrawal of this Army regiment or that from a particular district. Protestant leaders have alleged that many of the soldiers and their officers are Roman Catholics. Catholic politicians have said that some of the Scots in the Army are protestant billy-boys from the slums of Glasgow.

And all the politicians, the English as much as the Irish, seem unable to learn from the past. They are doomed, therefore, to repeat the mistakes of their forbears. For example, Mr. Edward Heath, the British Prime Minister, said in June that nobody in Britain ever expected violence to break out on such a scale in Northern Ireland. If Mr. Heath had known more about Ireland he would not have been surprised. He would have seen that in Ulster history repeats itself—and more often than anywhere else. This is evident from the history of Ulster riots and civil commotion.

In 1969 the Ulster Special Constabulary, Stormont's exclusively Protestant militia, was disbanded by Mr. James Callaghan, the British Home Secretary. In 1864 an equally partisan force, the Town Police of Belfast, was abolished by an act of parliament. And for a long time after that act was passed Protestant militants demanded the return of their "own local police," just as the Unionists of today are agitating for the formation again of the USC.

And there is nothing new even in complaints about judicial bias. A "confidential report on Belfast juries" which was published in 1935 stated that "the average Belfast juryman will always examine evidence against a Catholic in a far less critical spirit than he will examine evidence against a Protestant."

"Bad as this state of affairs is," the report continues, "the jurymen are not so culpable as the Crown authorities, who, when Catholics are being tried, make a habit of challenging every Catholic juror called. By exercising the Crown's unrestricted right of challenge they exclude Catholics, whose names and addresses almost invariably identify them, from all juries which hear the cases of Catholic prisoners. As the defence's right of challenging 20 jurors is always amply sufficient to exclude Catholics when a Protestant is being tried, the result is that practically all the riot cases are heard by exclusively Protestant jurors."

And this, the report concluded, "means that justice for Catholics and justice for Protestants may have two different meanings."

When John McAleese, a Belfast editor, challenged the bias of the bench in 1872 he was convicted of contempt of court, fined heavily, and sent to prison. His complaint was that after a number of Protestant offenders had been told to stand aside for sentence later, two Catholics were sent to jail for terms of 10 years for attacking a public house owned by a Protestant.

Mr. James Callaghan when he was last in Belfast commented on the disparity in some recent sentences. Opposition members of the Northern Ireland Parliament have challenged the Attorney-General, Mr. Basil Kelly, on his selection of prosecutions. They have called for the removal of Judge Topping, the Belfast Recorder, and have accused Mr. Justice Curran of undue reference to religion when dismissing the case against a Protestant who was alleged to have had firearms in his possession.

Physicians, surgeons, and psychiatricts, as well as politicians and historians, have tried to explain the frequency of riots in Belfast and assess their effects. George Foy from the Drumcondra Hospital in Dublin wrote a surgeon's report on the riots in 1886. Henry Murney a Belfast doctor compiled a statistical report on the riots of 1864.

Murney reported the number of people killed or injured, the demands on the services of the local hospitals and doctors, and the psychological reactions of people not actively involved in the disturbances. The riots, he wrote, produced "great alarm and anxiety in nervous and delicate people" many of whom suffered from loss of sleep and loss of appetite. Those who were ill got worse, and many who were apparently healthy when the riots began became ill.

Last year, Dr. Alex Lyons, a consultant psychiatrist in Belfast, took up Murney's interest in the psychological effects of riots and studied the reactions of people living in the disturbed parts of Belfast. He has published a report **Psychiatric Sequelae of the Belfast Riots,** in the British Journal of Psychiatry.

Many of the people whom Dr. Lyons interviewed complained of nervousness, fear, and panic. They were afraid to go out of doors or into crowds of people. Some feared sudden noises. Others would not listen to the news on radio or television. Dr. Lyons concluded that psychologically, the very old people and the very young are "not particularly at risk" in times of civil unrest, but people who have a history of psychiatric disorder "tend to have a recurrence of their previous illness."

Those parts of Belfast where riots were most intense, the Lower Falls and the Lower Shankill Road, are also the places of the worst housing and probably the highest unemployment. Lyons found that unemployed men suffered more psychological disturbance during riots than any other group in his study.

One place in Belfast that has seldom escaped the fury of riotous mobs is St. Matthew's Catholic Church in Ballymacarrett. St. Matthew's is the parish church of a compact Catholic community, surrounded by a much larger mass of Protestant working class houses. These houses merge southwards and eastwards into middle-class residential districts. The parish of St. Matthew is separated from the rest of Belfast by the River Lagan.

In a total population of about 90,000 in Ballymacarrett the Catholics are less than 10 per cent. But they are an old-established community: their first church was built in 1831. They are also isolated.

The attack which St. Matthew's and its people withstood in June last year, when an attempt was made to burn down the church, and several people were killed, was but a recurrence of equally violent attacks in years gone by. **The Orange Terror,** which was published during the riots of 1935 and suppressed almost immediately by order of the Northern Ireland Minister of Home Affairs records that in St. Matthew's parish 45 Catholic families were evicted from their homes by the zealots of the Ulster Protestant League.

In 1920, as in June 1970, soldiers of the British Army were sent to St. Matthew's to repulse an attack by the Protestant mobs. And even when the troops were present the mobs tried to set fire to the convent that stands adjacent to the church.

Embedded in the forecourt of the church is a cross which marks the place where, in 1920, a young man was shot dead as he came out from prayers, one of the many hundreds of people whose lives have been sacrificed in the name of religion, or politics, or loyalty in the North of Ireland.

Ronald McNeill, a shrewd Unionist apologist, has argued in defence of his party that the anti-Catholicism of the Orangemen was no worse than the anti-Popery feeling in Victorian England. It is true that there were religious riots in some of the English industrial towns during the 1860s and they were as ugly as the Belfast riots. But whereas religious intolerance died out in England it was exploited in Ireland by Unionist politicians and is today dyed deep into life in Ulster. It is institutionalised in the Unionist Party, in the Orange Order, and in partition. It is embedded in all the practices and privileges against which the Northern Ireland Civil Rights Movement roused the minority in 1968.

In the nineteenth century sectarian riots would last anything from a few days to a few weeks, though the riots of 1886 continued from June until September. The present disturbances are different in that they have been prolonged over two years or more and look like continuing far into the future—unless, of course, a political solution can be found that will at least open the way to reconciliation of the two sides.

But what hope is there of a political solution if that is precisely what the Unionist Party does not want. They say the correct political solution was found in 1920 and that there is, consequently, no need for any change. Ulster's constitutional position must not be tampered with. Any political solution which does not affirm partition and enable the Orangemen and the Unionist Party to remain in power will be resisted they say—and by force of arms if necessary. "Hold on to your guns," said Mr. Paisley at Burntollet on 19th June. And he also said there would be no deal between Dublin and London about the future of the North because "the loyal people" were determined "to maintain this country under the 1920 constitution."

Mr. Brian Faulkner, the Stormont Premier, insists that there is no political problem. He says Northern Ireland has been reformed. What is now needed is the restoration of law and order. Mr. William Craig states that the enemy, by which he means the Republicans, must be defeated. Mr. Rafton Pounder, a Unionist member of the British Parliament, "utterly rejects, as distasteful, all talk of a new political initiative." In his view everything must be subordinated to ending the Republican campaign of sabotage and terror.

But others in authority disagree. Sir Harry Tuzo, the General Officer Commanding in Northern Ireland, has said that he can only hold the Republicans in check until a political solution is agreed upon. The former G.O.C., General Sir Ian Freeland, warned, last year, that the future of Northern Ireland must be based, not on indefinite military occupation, but on a political settlement.

And it is clear now that the reforms which James Callaghan imposed upon Stormont in the autumn of 1969 are not the answer, fine though they are in principle. They are ineffective in practice because they came too late, and the Catholic minority who have suffered not only violent attacks on their homes and families but fifty years of Unionist political persecution just cannot believe that Faulkner and his Cabinet are reformers.

Lord O'Neill, the former Stormont Premier, was surprised, as he put it, because the Catholics had not accepted the reforms. But surely Lord O'Neill must know that it is the Protestants who have not accepted the reforms, certainly not those Protestants who control the Unionist Party and the Orange Order. They fear the reforms would bring equality and an end to Protestant dominance in politics and affairs.

The majority of people in Britain are today appalled at the state Northern Ireland is in. If asked their opinion they would probably say that the Army be withdrawn and the people of Ulster left to fight it out. The people of the Republic of Ireland do not want to be involved. Yet they all must know that the days of Unionist power are numbered and that the Catholic minority are determined their children and grandchildren will not be terrorised and persecuted as they themselves have been. They are demanding, not just their rights but the removal of the source of all their troubles. And that is the Unionist-controlled Stormont Parliament. The British created that parliament. They should now remove it and so remove one of the main obstacles to peace in Ireland.

Waterford is a way of life.

Art Cinema Music Theatre

ARTS DIARY

July 16th — August 5th

Cinema

Academy — "Getting Straight". Elliot Gould, Candice Bergan. 6.40. 8.54.

Adelphi 1 — "Ryan's Daughter". Sarah Miles, Robert Mitchum. 2.30, 7.15.

Adelphi 2 — "Zeppelin". Michael York, Elke Sommer. 2.45, 7.45; also, "Start the Revolution Without Me". Donald Sutherland.

Adelphi 3 — "Wuthering Heights". Anna Calder-Marshall. 6.40, 8.55.

Ambassador — "Love Story", Ali McGraw and Ryan O'Neal. 6.00, 8.45.

Curzon — "Lovers and Other Strangers". 6.53 and 9.05.

International — "Island of Sin"; also, Shindo's "Lost Sex".

Metropole — Walt Disney Productions: "Aristocats".

Regent — "The Raging Moon", directed by Bryan Forbes. 6.36, 8.50.

State — "Perfect Friday". David Warner, Stanley Baker, Ursula Andress. 5.50, 9.25.

Savoy 1 — "Soldier Blue". Cardice Bergan, Peter Strauss. 5.55, 8.50.

Savoy 2 — "The Music Lovers". Directed by Ken Russell. Richard Chamberlain and Glenda Jackson.

Superama — "Dirty Dingus Magee".

Plaza — "Monterey Pop".

Theatre

Abbey — "The Morning after Optimism", by Thomas Murphy.

Peacock — "Deirdre of the Sorrows". J. M. Synge.

Gate — "The Signalman's Apprentice", by Brian Phelan. Michael Mac Liammoir and Hilton Edwards with Eamonn Morrissey.

Gaiety — Maureen Potter in "Gaels of Laughter, 1971".

Olympia — "It's a Two-Foot-Six-Inches Above the Ground World". Commencing July 20th, "The Jack and White Minstrel Show".

Lantern — "The Playboy of the Western World", by J. M. Synge.

Gas Co., Dunlaoghaire — "The Great Improvement", by Arnold Hill (world premier).

Eblana — "Saturday Night Women", by Michael Judge. Next week: "Irishmen Make Lousy Lovers".

Music

Cork Opera House — "Two Foot Six Inches".

July 16th — St. Francis Xavier Hall, 8 p.m. RTESO/ Wongenheim, including Schubert's Symphony No. 7. Veronica McSwiney, piano.

17th — Chamber Music Group, 7.45, at Weston, Baily.

21st — St. Patrick's Cathedral, 8 p.m., New Irish Chamber Orchestra and RTE Quartet. Violet Twomey, soprano, Edward Beckett, flute.

23rd — St. Francis Xavier Hall. RTESO/O'Duinn. Dvorak, Cesar Franck and Frederick May. Bernadette Greevy, contralto.

27th — St. Francis Xavier Hall. RTESO/ O'Duinn. Hoffmester, Borodin, Anthony Byrne, viola.

28th — St. Mary's, Haddington Road. William Watson, organ.

30th — St. Francis Xavier Hall. RTESO/O'Duinn. Schubert, Bartak, Stravinsky. Charles Lynch, piano.

31st — St. Patrick's Training College. Hertfordshire County Youth Orchestra.

August 2nd and 3rd — Killarney Bach Festival. N.I.C.O., Violet Twomey, Mary Sheridan, Patrick Ring, William Young.

Art

T.C.D. — Exhibition of British and American Pop Art, 10 a.m.-6 p.m.

Agnew Somerville — Exhibition of sculpture by Garry Trimble.

Project Arts Centre — "Free Expression."
David Hendriks — Group Show.

Davis Gallery — Recent graphics by Alice Hanratty.
Barrenhill, Baily — Group show of paintings and sculpture.

Bell Gallery, Belfast — Irish and British artists.
Broshe Park Gallery, Derry — Ulster faces by Ulster artists.

Westport House — Collection of pictures, silver, furniture. Afternoons.

National Gallery — Opening 22nd July. Irish Exhibition of Living Art.

Ulster Museum — Exhibition of sculpture by Henri Laurens (1885-1954).

Eamon Morrissey and Michéal MacLiammóir in "The Sign alman's Apprentice" by Brian Phelan (Gate Theatre).

Theatre

BLACK COMEDY

Mary Manning

THE FIRST production in Dublin of Brian Phelan's new play "The Signal Man's Apprentice", if not entirely successful, was an interesting event. Interesting and admirable because here is an rish dramatist who has left home and joined the common market of ideas; who is not writing plays about Robert Emmett, Lord Edward, or Brendan Behan and is not using the language of Kiltartan. Elsewhere, Mr. Phelan has stated that he is mainly influenced by Arthur Miller. I found no evidence of it in this play. Miller's work is always tightly constructed and as far as action is concerned usually teeters on the edge of melodrama. Mr. Phelan's play is all understatement and detail and relies, until the second part, entirely on dialogue. It is now pretty safe to predict that when two or three old cockney characters are cooped together on one set they're going to talk Pinter. That's precisely what happens in Signal Man. Not Cockney, not English — ici on parle Pinter. "Is your tea alright?" "Course my tea's alright." "I only meant is your tea alright?" "My tea is alright". The plot of Signal Man is original and interesting. Two old Railwaymen hole themselves up in a disused signal box on a disused line in Fulham junction. They are redundant, horrible word, but owing to a slip up in bureaucratic management they still receive their weekly pay cheques. In the signal box they build a fantasy world on a foundation of lies and here they seem to be perfectly happy, one with his toy model of Fulham junction and the other signalling in non-existent traffic. Albert is the stronger of the two; Alfred is more dependant, more womanish. I hasten to say that there is not a hint of homosexuality in this play. They are just two old codgers who have grown independent on each other's way of life. Their world is suddenly shattered by the arrival of a young ex-porter from Liverpool, who has been deputed, through another slip up in management to be Albert's apprentice. Edward, the new arrival is violent, brutal, and greedy. He quickly detects their secret, breaks up the fragile defences of their make-believe world and tries to get at their hoarded savings, the secret of which has been innocently given away by Alfred. Edward attempts to strangle Albert, but is unexpectedly foiled by the gentle Alfred attacking him, coshing him, in fact, so violently that he dies and they have a corpse on their hands. The surprise ending should not be divulged.

The production on the first night was heavy handed and slow. There was virtually no action in the first part, or because of the lack of pace, there *seemed* to be no action. There was however a lot of tedious "business". Surely the director must have realised at dress rehearsal that the first part screamed for pruning, that there was far too much fussy detail with tea pots and clocks and that the invader should have come in like a lion? Eamon Morrissey (excellent in Romeo and Juliet) was miscast as Edward. He is essentially a lightweight comedian and quite unable physically or emotionally to achieve the menacing meanness of Edward; the cruelty and violence underneath the chirruping exterior. This role needed an actor like Kevin McHugh who did such a spine-chilling job as the ponce in "Homecoming". Even so the director should have brought out the sinister implications of this character, from his first appearance on the stage and this would have stung the part one into life. Maybe a little re-write would have helped also? Morrissey was elfin when he should have been a tiger. Mr. Edwards and Mr. Mac Liammoir were not well directed. Mr Edwards at times was surprisingly Shakespearean and made you wonder what Prospero was doing in a Signal box in Fulham, and Mr. Mac Liammoir was occasionally too cosy. However, being first rate actors they surmounted the curious direction and gave us some thrilling moments. Mr. Phelan has an excellent idea, (I wonder was he inspired by the Sorcerer's Apprentice), but he does run on and on. "Signal Man" is in truth a sixty minute TV drama or for the stage a long-one-actor. But let us congratulate the Gate on their courage and rightness presenting the work of a promising Irish dramatist, whether it pays off or not, this is what Irish theatre should do.

Over to Group Therapy at the Gaiety, where all is sweetness, light, and family fun. Nobody can possibly be offended by "Gaels of Laughter" nobody will ever be offended by "Gaels of Laughter" and that is precisely what is wrong with "Geals of Laughter!"

Cinema

WILD WEST

Conor Sweeney

THE WORLD of the cinema is a world of change and flux, and in this world of transcience there seems to be but one fixed and constant element—the Western. After all the years of stagecoach and frontier post, the solitary-homesteader, the maruding Indians, the gunman and the rustler, the last man-to-man confrontation down the dusty street, it still survives. The Western is sustained by the great myth of the North American continent, a myth in which religion, the usual basis of classical myth, has been replaced by history. But the Western is not strictly factual, it is the romantic, sometimes poetic, version of the facts of history, a version of the heroic truth presenting the problems of the individual facing innumerable dangers with only his own courage and ingenuity to help him. It is a version in which war and conflict are translated into the patterns and rhythms of an equestrian ballet or moving figures in a landscape.

Or so it was until the Fifties when what was a recognisably contemporary sensibility began to filter through the Western. The new directors who emerged after the Second World War were different in kind from their predecessors, Ford, Hawks, *et al.;* growing up in the 20s and 30s there were marked by the social and political concerns of the era. Writing of the Western of the 50s in his essay on "The Western: History and Actuality," French critic Jean Wagner said: "These auteurs were not particularly optimistic; they had a view which if not pessimistic was at least bitter and lucid. Violence obsessed them . . , if they posed questions about violence, they posed at the same time questions about America."

Violence has been the outstanding keynote of the Western in recent years and in Peckinpah's The Wild Bunch" it would appear that the ultimate was reached in blood and gore. Now, along comes **Soldier Blue** (Savoy One) billed as "The Most Savage Film in History," and makes a bold bid to qualify for that dubious honour. The director, Ralph Nelson, whose previous efforts include the overly-sentimental treatment of racial issues in "Liles of the Field," and "Charly," a story of the mentally subnormal told in sensational terms, has admitted that his purpose in **Soldier Blue** was to tell a story from the past in terms of the present.

The basis of the film is the Sand Creek massacre of 1864 in which 600 troopers killed 500 of the Cheyenne nation, mostly women and children. The parallel with the My Lai massacre springs readily to mind, but in fairness to Nelson the film was made before the My Lai story broke. It would appear that Nelson was determined, at any rate, to take personal revenge on all American history from Sand Creek to Vietnam, insinuating that the American character has always been tainted with bloodlust.

The film opens with a massacre of U.S. Army soldiers by the Cheyenne, and closes with the Sand Creek massacre. Between these two holocausts Nelson places what he calls "an intimate story" in which Candice Bergen is a girl captured by the Cheyenne and turned (rather willingly, it would appear) into a chief's squaw for two years before being released (why? one wonders, for incompatibility?). But this being a picture for the present our heroine is a foul-mouthed termagent whose favourite expletive, "bulls—t," brings her right up-to-date cinema-wise; all through her stormy affair with a stray cavalry man, Peter Strauss, she fights, squats, curses, belches and laughs in the face of rape.

What Ralph Nelson has done is to turn the heroic ingredients of the Western myth on their head, and the United States Cavalry is shown to be both brutal and licentious instead of the romantic custodians of the myth. But the director has defeated his purpose by his treatment of the main event. The final massacre is the most sickening and gruesome ever shown on the screen—even with the Censor's cuts, but the audience will be shocked not by the motives behind the mutilation, rape and outrage, but by the frightening spectacle of the slaughter itself. Instead of shocking, the general effect is more titillating and pornographic. It would appear that Ralph Nelson too has been seduced by violence just like the cavalrymen at Sand Creek. Those who portray nauseating violence and sexual aberrations on the screen are in error if they think they have artistic licence to do so. They never seem to state in public that this kind of violence is commercially exploitable and profitable. It should be pointed out that the real drama of the Western is not violence but restraint. The moment of violence must come in its own time and according to special laws, or else, as in the present case, it is valueless.

Music

WHAT MUSIC?

Fanny Feehan

HENRY PLEASANTS is a critic who goes straight for the juguler vein. In a lecture which he gave here before a specially invited audience in the American Embassy last month, he demonstrated that while some of the lions teeth had been drawn a few good sharp molars were left. The statement that Louis Armstrong was the greatest influence on the twentieth-century musical scene raised a few polite eyebrows. Now that Louis has gone aloft to sit in with Gabriel a few words about a reissue of a disc which is remarkable not only for its music but also for the fact that it commemorates an important musical occasion, might not be out of place.

The jazz concert held in Symphony Hall in Boston in 1947 was an innovation in the sense that this was the first of many jazz concerts given in the holy of holies of classical music. Why did Stravinsky not grasp much more firmly the uncomfortable nettle of jazz? Death in a way can be a great relief from more than pain, and while it may be naive to say so, contemporary classical music could do with some relief. It is a reflection on no one but myself when I say that I prefer reading about Schoenberg to listening to any of his music except the Quartets, Gurrelieder and Verklärte Nacht. Willi Reich's new study of Schoenberg published by Longmans is a thoroughly competent if somewhat over earnest contribution to our knowledge.

A limited tonal intelligence can only accept limited demands and Schoenberg's use of extended tonality signifies to me the end of a certain type of musical sound. It is fascinating to learn that in Schoenberg's eyes one of Mozart's assets was his ability to co-ordinate heterogeneous characters in the formation of thematic unity. I find this cold clinical approach as off-putting as the smell of formaldehyde.

There are chapters which make enthralling reading, and one of the most important I would think is that which contains elaborate quotations from Webern's lectures. These were given at a private house in Vienna and I found myself becoming more and more depressed at Webern's enthusiasm for the tone-row system which he saw as a liberating influence. Devotees say that serial technique does for music what Ulysses did for the novel, but the more I learn and hear of it the more I feel that it is the end of the road and one with not a single corner on it either.

Reich goes on to reveal in print (for the first time in full) the experiment which the German psychologist Julius Bahle carried out with the help of several composers in the thirties. He asked them if they would show step by step how they came to write the music for a song and he also supplied them with a detailed questionnaire. Not being a trained psychologist I feel that to sift through Schoenberg's answers and come up with a conclusion would be an impertinence. I could not help wondering, however, how Schumann would have reacted had he been asked to demonstrate how that miracle of perfection "Im wonderschönen monat Mai" came to be written. Would it have been possible to demonstrate step by scientific step how "Wenn ich in deine augen seh" fell onto the manuscript. No Words can convey to a reader the final, perplexing, ironic 'ich liebe dich' with its miriad implications.

Schoenberg was unable to say note-by-note how he worked, but he did convey the fact that he found it impossible to set other peoples words and preferred to use his own. One of the exceptions to this was Gurrelieder, a work which consists in a setting of poems, for solo voices, choirs and orchestra and, which with its panic fear of light and spectral visions of sound is balanced on the edge of an abyss. Its impact is total.

I found the next best part of the book apart from its detailed investigation of Schoenberg's character, and the excellent footnotes which de Selby might well envy because they are written in the margin next to the appropriate paragraph the chapter which gives an account of a concert which Schoenberg conducted in 1913. The works chosen were some songs by Alban Berg, Mahlers "Kindertoten lieder" and Schoenberg's Chamber Symphony. This is the one amusing chapter in the whole book. After the first of Berg's songs uproar and pandemonium broke out. There were scandalous scenes which resulted in a legal hearing at which a doctor who had been in the audience gave evidence to the effect that in his opinion "the music in question had been damaging to the nervous system and that many of the audience had manifested externally the symptoms of severe depression." Henry Scherchen says that after the concert Schoenberg said to him that he wished he had had a gun. Whether to shoot himself or the audience is not made clear,

No psychologists are needed to interpret Satchmo and Velma Middleton's interpretation of "That's my Desire" in which Louis does a superb send-up of Velma who acts as straightman. His line "I'll feel the touch of your chops all rapped up in mine" had a Joyce's flavour, and the timing, the sense of the ridiculous with its undertow of bitterness makes this performance not just good jazz but a splendid example of 'chance' music.

Schoenberg, by Willi Reich. Longmans.

Satchmo at Symphony Hall. Coral (mono) CP 49, Decca.

COLLEGE OF ART BILL

George Dawson

THE NATIONAL COLLEGE of Art and Design Bill. 1971, seeks to establish a governing body for the College which will be *dependent* on the Minister for Education's consent for the range of teaching it provides, but *independent* of the Minister's consent for the "management of the College, and the organisation and administration of its affairs". The governing body is to consist of a Chairman and 8, 9 or 10 members, of whom 1 is to be the Director of the College, 2 are to be nominated by the academic staff, 2 by the students, and the remaining 3, 4 or 5 are to be chosen by the Minister at his discretion. The college will obtain its funds directly through the Minister and therefore will not come under the Higher Education Authorty. While the Bill refers to "carrying on" schemes of education, with the consent of the Minister, it also states that the College is to provide courses, "approved by the National Council for Educational Awards and leading to degrees, diplomas or other similar awards by that Council".

The Bill would seem to get the day to day management of the College off the Minister's back without relating the College to other institutions of higher education. Mr. Lenihan's statement that the new College would be re-established in relation to the main centre of university engineering studies in Dublin has been dropped. No relationship with courses in architecture is envisaged. No links are established between the new College and either the universities or the Colleges of Technology. The College, although extending its range of functions to include design, is to remain a somewhat isolated institution whose only links are to be with the Minister for Education. We shall have to wait for the Minister's further statements in the Dail and Senate before we can be sure which arguments led him to choose this form and status for the re-established College. It is possible that U.C.D., which is the only university institution in Dublin which has courses in both architecture and engineering, showed no enthusiasm for receiving the College. Perhaps the College of Technology, Bolton Street, had difficulties in integrating art and design into its development programme. A large college of Art and Design could, by providing a very wide range of courses itself, be educationally satisfactory. The College here is, however, likely to be relatively small. It is not easy to envisage it providing adequate courses in painting, sculpture, fabrics, metalwork, plastics, packaging, marketing, lithography, etching, electronics, history of art, sociology, architecture, planning and the many other fields which are part of an adequate training in the pure and applied visual arts. My general impression of the Bill is that it conceives the visual arts in far too limited a way. In one section it states that "art" means painting and sculpture. While it is clear that the College is also to be concerned with crafts and design it is to be hoped that this terminology will be very flexibly interpreted and will not lead to sharply defined compartments in the organisation of the College or in the courses it will provide.

The Bill is ambiguous on the role of the future College in the training of art teachers. One of the functions of the Governing Body reads: "if so requested by the Minister, providing courses for the training of persons as teachers of art," It is a curious that the Bill does not even allow the Governing Body to initiate such proposals. It is interesting to speculate about the reasons for the doubt about this function of the College. It may be that the Minister is, at least, considering the possibility that, in future, art teachers in primary schools should be trained in Teachers' Training Colleges, and that as the courses of art in secondary schools will increasingly consist of art history is might be better taught by university graduates in the Visual Arts. There is much to commend this argument. The teaching of the visual arts at the secondary school level, although improving, is still too heavily weighted on the side of practice rather than history. No one would, I hope, suggest that about 80% of the teaching of poetry in secondary schools should be devoted to practicing writing poetry. Yet this is the present position of the teaching of the visual arts. Nevertheless, it would be going too far to exclude all opportunities for continuing practice of art in secondary schools, especially as education at this level is moving haltingly to a more comprehensive form,

In general the Bill appears, for the most part, to be highly conservative and unresponsive to the needs of the present. We must await the Minister's statements before we can be sure that this impression is justified. If it is justified we would have to conclude that an important opportunity is being missed and that the Bill is designed more to disentangle the Minister from the problems of the present College than to imaginatively re-structure higher education in the visual arts.

Art

POP ART

Dorothy Walker

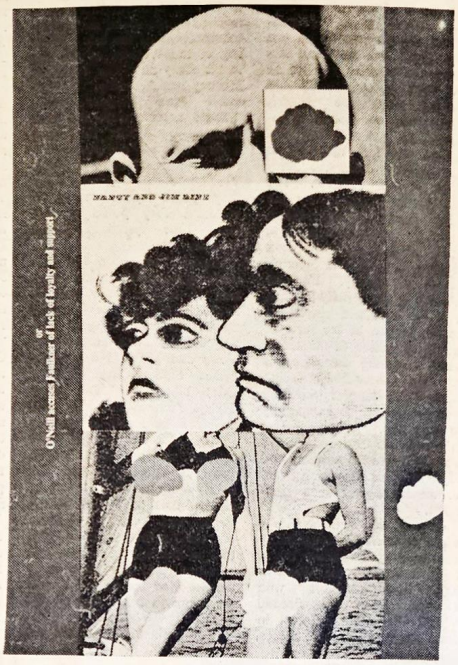
THE POP ART Exhibition in Trinity may be the last big summer show in the Exhibition Hall of the New Library, as it is about to be submerged in the ever-rising flood of books which acerues to a copyright library. The important Irish silver exhibition which will run in association with Rose '71 will very likely be the last exhibition in the Library. With the Living Art again cramped into a restricted space in the National Gallery, having to turn down pictures because of their size (which has happened to Robert Ballagh this year) the need for a large, well-lit exhibition space becomes more urgent than ever. Trinity Library will be very badly missed, since, apart from its space and well-designed hanging facilities, it has pursued an admirably lively and serious policy of exhibitions, bringing in some of the very best and most stimulatng shows of the last ten years.

The current Pop Art exhibition brings to Dublin well-known names who have not been seen here before, like Oldenburg — represented by a set of soft drums, and a great sunset drawing of 'Drums over London'. (I recently saw in New York a marvellous Oldenburg which should be bought by the Agricultural Credit Corporation, or the Irish Housewives Association: a giant baked potatoe with a big lump of butter in it. In fact the best place for it would be sitting in the august and elegant hall of Iveagh House, among those draped marble ladies — let's show some confidence in our national life.)

The banners tend to steal the Pop Art show, because of their mere size and brilliant colours, but I think the three, the Pistol by Lichtenstein, Five by Indiana, and the zipped-up lady by Lindner, sustain their tremendous impact on closer and longer inspection. I have been looking at the Pistol nearly daily for almost four years now, and become ever more convinced that it is one of the major works of art of the twentieth century. These works have gone way beyond the initial shock tactics of Pop Art and are quite firmly lodged in the realms of fine art, however much the artists concerned may protest. It has been one of the revealing aspects of the last decade to see how inevitably and surely advanced art has been absorbed into the mainstream of fine art despite all the efforts of the artists to escape. Warhol's recent retrospective at the Whitney Museum was the purest and surest fine art — I intend, later on, to write more fully, and to lecture, about that exhibition. There are two Warhols in Trinity, 'Marilyn Monroe' and 'Jackie' but he needs to be shown in bulk; to show one or two is like showing two windows from a building, instead of the building. The Larry Rivers series of drawings, The Boston Massacre, is telling, immediate, and intimate in the clever way he indicates his purpose by selecting certain details and leaving the rest to finish themselves off in the mind of the spectator; he therefore makes presumptions on the relationship between himself and the spectator, and makes these presumptions visible.

The big Dine banner of a football-striped hand shows his usual visual wit; generally I think the American artists have the edge on the British, like Hamilton or Caulfield.

A rare chance to see modern Italian painting and sculpture — with some Italian Pop — is offered by the David Hendriks Gallery in St. Stephen's Green — a sparkling, startling show in which one of the stars is the young *Irish* artist James Coleman who lives and works in Milan. He works with light and movement, and his light painting is a beautiful, quiet work in which one small light at a time guides one through darkness along the delineations of a cube. The intensity of the flash of light and the duration of the intervals between them are so exactly judged that one's memory quite easily retains one point until the appearance of the next, making it a work of light and memory, a nice twist on the conceptual theme. Gianni Colombo's motorised stainless steel 'Elastic space' also adds something to one's appreciation of actual and illusory space. Kinetic art seems to have been more widely developed in Europe than in America. The pioneer Belgian, Pol Bury, also had a major retrospective in New York recently at the Guggenheim Museum which, again I would like to discuss later. He too will be in Rose this year, along with Oldenburg and Lindner. The best artist in the Italian exhibition was Antonio Dias, a Brazilian now living in Milan, whose huge black picture 'The Statement' made all the other pictures look like over-dressed women at a wedding.



"Nancy and Jim Dine," by R. B. Kitaj, one of the works on show at the British and American Pop Art Exhibition in T.C.D. The picture has an alternate title—"O'Neill accuses Faulkner of lack of loyalty and support."

NEWS IN THE ARTS

Terry Kelleher

THE ABBEY hopes to find a new Manager next month to replace **Phil O'Kelly**, who resigned last Spring. Their advertisement in the national press (salary negotiable) and the English Sunday Times and Observer has brought in about fifty applications including a handful from Britain. My own guess is that the post will be filled from inside (not necessarily a bad thing) but of much more interest will be the advertisement for the post of Artistic Director, which is due to fall vacant at the end of November.

Brendan Kennelly

Given the fact that our National theatre has a peripatetic artistic-director, I welcomed the appointment three months ago of an official deputy director. I welcomed too the choice of **Vincent Dowling** who seemed young enough to have sufficient energy for the massive and long-overdue overhaul required and old enough to know the boards and Board of the Abbey itself. I had reservations when he announced at the time of his appointment that he did not intend directing Abbey productions himself, as it semed to me the most practical way to effect change in any theatre, but I accepted that he would have his hands full doing all the things that a deputy artistic director does when the artistic director is away. Apparently not. Next week a revue-style presentation by **Brendan Kennedy** and Vincent Dowling, starring Vincent Dowling and called 'Irishmen Make Lousey Lovers' opens in the Eblana. Incidentally it is directed by Vincent Dowling.

WHAT PRICE today the head of **Eamon de Valera?** Perhaps not as much as in the days when he was on the run, but recent events in the art world suggest that he may once again be in demand. About ten years ago Irish sculptor **Garry Trimble** showed his head of Dev at the annual R.H.A. exhibition; at the time the piece didn't excite a great deal of interest and it remained unsold. This month when Trimble was selecting works for his current one-man show at the new Agnew Summerville Gallery, **Charles Haughey** suggested that the sculpture of the Long Fellow be resurrected with a price tag of £1,000. On the first day of the exhibition the head was bought by an English collector. On the second day a dealer from an Amsterdam Gallery bought the only nine copies of the head in existence at £900 each. And on the third day the same dealer bought the original from the first dealer at £3,000!

THE THIRD ISSUE of Methuen's **Theatre Quarterly** should be in the bookshops by now, and despite the rather steep price of 80p, I can thoroughly recommend it. Among the articles are *Pinter on Pinter*, a transcript of the playwright's speech in Hamburg last year when he was awarded the Shakespeare prize, **Martin Esslin** on radio drama, an assesment of post-1968 experimental theatre in Paris, articles on Futurism and the Music Hall and for the technically-minded, a survey of the latest developments in flying systems. The regular 'Production Casebook' series continues, this time with a rehearsal log of the London production of **Jean-Louis Barrault's Rabelais.** Another series which begins in this issue, called 'One Play In Its Time', examines productions and interpretations of Macbeth, from the Elizabethan period to the present, with articles by **Catherine Itzin, Charles Marowitz, John Ahart** and **Paul Sheren.** The next issue to be published in October, is a special Peoples Theatre Issue, devoted to the history and techniques of working-class theatre, popular, political and revolutionary theatre. If you have any difficulty buying a copy, it can be ordered directly from the subscription department, Theatre Quarterly, Associated Book Publishers Ltd., North Way, Andover, Hampshire. The annual subscription is £3.50, and £2.50 for students.

AUTHOR AND critic **Cyril Barrett, S.J.**, will be opening a new show of **Michael Farrell's** paintings and sculpture this week in Grange Con House, Co. Wicklow. The exhibition is in aid of the Kildare Art Prize, to be awarded annually to an Irish artist under thirty. The exhibition continues in Grange Con House for one week, the only time this estate with its unique herd of white deer will be open to the public, and then the exhibition moves to Castletown House, for the month of August. Incidentally Studio Vista who published Cyril Barrett's *Op Art* last year, are publishing his new book, *An Introduction to Optical Art* in the Autumn.

THE POSITIVELY last appearance of the presently constituted RTE Quartet will take place on the 21st July when they will appear with the New Irish Chamber Orchestra and **Violet Twomey** in St. Patrick's Cathedral. The programme will include Haydns symphony No. 85, Mozart's Exultate Jubilate in which Miss Twomey will sing the solo part, Bach's second suite

Violet Twomey

for flute with **Edward Beckett,** and Elgar's Introduction and Allegro for String Orchestra. The conductor will be **Andre Prieur** and already five hundred seats have been bought by the English Language Institute. Tickets can be obtained from McCullough Pigott Ltd. Price: 60p and 30p for students.

Finance Property Stockmarket Economics

THE POLITICS OF LARGESSE

IT TOOK SOME TIME for An Foras Tionscail and the I.D.A. to work out an expertise on the granting of funds for industrial development. If the failure rate of new industries is any yardstick to go by, the I.D.A. now appears to be more efficient in screening applications than was the case half a dozen years ago. Recently, however, the Government largesse department has found itself handing out loans and grants of a very different kind and it is apparent that neither is the overall policy line clearly defined nor is the technique properly worked out. This is in the area of "salvage" or more euphemistically called "reconstruction" situations, the principal government agency for which is Taisci Stait.

Taisci Stait was established in 1963 as a kind of lender of last resort, and it has been used politically to appropriate funds to companies where either or both the I.D.A. and I.C.C. have extended the hand of generosity as far as even those organisations are willing to go. It has been employed as a final dumping ground for such ill-fated State ventures as Potez, Dundalk Engineering, and Verolme Dockyard, and its current portfolio of loans also includes £76,600 to Ever Fresh Foods Ltd. (in receivership) and £34,700 to the imaginatively entitled Fenian Gun Co. of Ireland Ltd. (also in receivership).

One might except that such a company would be run by experienced business executives and that its board would also include some hard-headed businessmen. In fact, the company is operated on a management-fee-basis only by the I.C.C., which handles only the day-to-day affairs; and its board is comprised of the four secretaries from the four principal government departments. The company is in effect, a political purse, the funds from which can be distributed on political dictat, but for which no independent board of management would take responsibility.

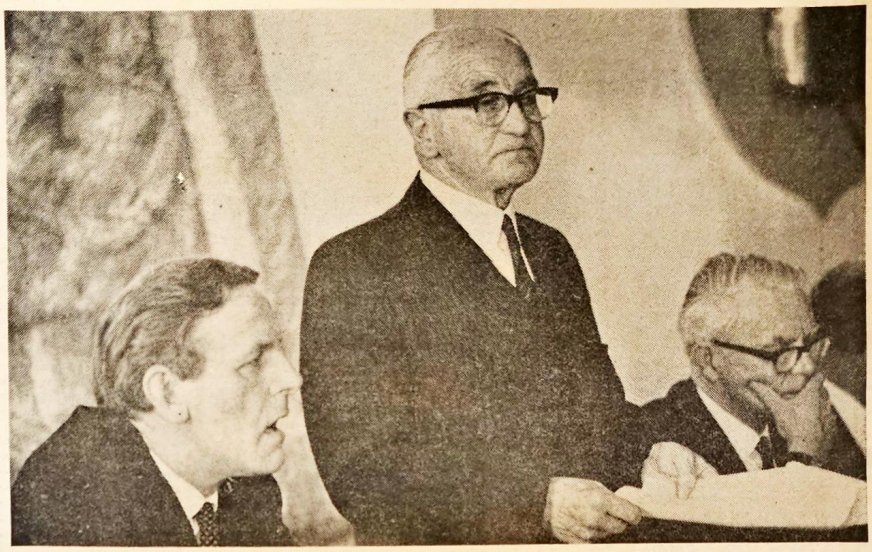
The salvage situations recently entered into by Taisci Stait have included a £100,000 loan to Irish Worsted Mills; a £168,000 financial assistance to Ballingarry Mines in Tipperary, and the £½ million loan and share investment in the Murphy brewery in Cork. Ballingarry Mines it may be recalled, was sold by the State for £50,000 in the early 'fifties to the same man who is now to be assisted to the tune of £163,000; but it is the Murphy Brewery deal which raises most questions, because of its size and because the *rationale* seems to be more than ever purely political. Taisci Stait has in effect bailed out Watney Mann from the mess of its own making in Cork. The investment has been made in an industry which (except by certain criteria !) cannot be considered of strategic importance or an essential service. It is unlikely that the brewery will be able to export anything and Cork is not an area where unemployment is high or alternate employment is unavailable. In fact it is very difficult indeed to understand the justification for this major investment in this industry, in this area, at this time, even if the loan is well secured against the brewery's assets.

Taisci Stait is soon to be absorbed into a new Government creation, Foir Teoranta, if a Bill now before the Dail is approved. The new company will enjoy even wider powers of lending for "reconstruction" than Taisci Stait has had. But it is essential that the new company should have an independent board and a strong team of management. Once a company reaches the state where it is desperate for cash—it is in fact also desperate for proper management. Foir Teoranta must take that into account.

It is neither possible, nor is it desirable that the State should shore up every business failure in the country. The Conservative Government in the U.K. has seen the sense of that. But it is essential that our Government, with the very limited resources available to it, should set its priorities right and direct State capital to those areas which meet certain well-defined criteria. As a matter of comparison, the Murphy "assistance" is more than the total value of grants that will be made available to aid all fishermen in purchasing new vessels this year. And this major investment came in a week when the Government apparently decided that oil and gas exploration and development off our shores should not be undertaken by an Irish State company.

One is left to wonder who is setting the priorities and who is establishing the criteria.

The Financial Editor



P. J. Egan, Secretary, Mr. Eugene Jack P. O'Brien, Chairman, and Mr. Christopher A. Cusack, Managing Director, of Clondalkin Paper Mills Ltd., at the A.G.M. last month.

CLONDALKIN PAPER: Pipe For Takeover?

A Special Correspondent

THE MARKET in Clondalkin Paper Mills' Ordinary Shares is in a very bemused state at the moment. With investors only feeling their way from day to day, the share price has fallen heavily and now at 52p is only half the level reached in 1969. The principal reason for the current disillusion with Clondalkin shares undoubtedly is the unexpectedly large drop in last year pre-tax profits which actually fell a full 41%. The confusion arises because of a number of exceptional factors in the 1970 accounts.

The recurring talk of major rationalisation in the British paper industry, at which the unsuccesful merger talks between Bowater and Reed were aimed, allied to the now almost daily announcement of the closure of another British paper mill have scared off those investors who might be attracted by a recovery situation. The loose talk of a takeover by Jefferson Smurfit, strongly denied by that company, is also heavily discounted by a market more keenly aware of the Scandanavian paper mills super-efficiency whose raw material and cheap electricity advantages make their prices look "of the cut-throat variety".

To get a more objective view of the current situation, it is necessary to cut through all the 1970 results. Of the £288,000 (41%) drop in profits as much as £160,000 was accounted for by a higher interest charge. This increased interest charge is made up of two quite exceptional factors and could possibly have been dealt with below the line in the balance sheet. £50,000 of it was caused by the bank strike and another £50,000 due to the holding of exceptionally large pulp stocks. The balance went to finance capital expenditure. Thus the operating profits were only down a much more modest 17%.

Looking at Clondalkin Paper Mills itself, apart from its subsidiaries, it is interesting to note that it only earned £345,000 in 1968, the last full year before the two take-overs. Its profits for last year were £406,000, an actual increase of 17½%. The excellent 1969 results which, without the maintenance strike, were running at a rate in excess of £500,000 are not to be taken as the only guide and even against these 1969 figures, the 1970 profits were only 20% down, hardly deserving of the word "disastrous" which was being applied to the overall results.

It is important, too, to get straight what exactly are Clondalkin's own prospects in the coming years, especially when (if) the Common Market becomes a reality here. First of all, the company has always had a policy of continuously updating its plant. In the five years between 1961 and 1966 it spent £1.1 million on fixed assets. Since then, however, the board have been very conscious of the need to keep up with foreign competition under the free trade threat, and has accelerated its capital expenditure. Between August 1966 and January 1971, a further £2.3 million has been spent, £2 million of it on new plant and machinery.

Combined with its expanding research and development programme, this massive capital expenditure has left Clondalkin in a highly competitive state with machines capable of very high productivity rates. Increased flexibility has been built into these new machines so that the company can change its range of paper and especially enable the switching away from plain paper, where there is increasingly vicious competition and into the more profitable finer grades of paper.

Considering the heavy investment and the current depressed level of the shares, Clondalkin Paper looks like "a natural" for the ever-voracious Jefferson Smurfit Group. Two years ago Smurfits were willing to pay £1.8 million for Gibson Guy. Now it can see the whole Clondalkin Group capitalised at only £3.5 million. In other words, Clondalkin, exclusive of Gibson Guy, is valued at only £1.7 million.

On the profits side, if the Gibson Guy profits are deducted and the two exceptional interest charges are added back, the pre-tax profit of Clondalkin comes to £450,000 in last year's figures. This would give a return of over 26% on the valuation and £1.7 million, as above.

After its massive plant modernisation and product development programme, Clondalkin has put in all the donkey-work for free trade conditions, and the prospects are that it should eventually be capable of earning well over £1 million p.a. But will Smurfits attempt to step in and pick the fruit?

TOP TEN CLONDALKIN SHAREHOLDERS

New Ireland Assurance	467,554
Norwich Union	303,307
Bank of Ireland Nominees	239,377
Mrs. Agnes McArdle Murphy	162,394
Irish Life Assurance	120,000
E.S. Gibson Investments	109,857
General Investment Trust	104,674
Mrs. Agnes Dwyer	83,900
Mrs. Ellen Mary O'Brien	67,900
Royal Bank of Ireland CK A/c.	60,000

.... Around The City With Moneybags

A MOST IMPORTANT factor in the Waterford/Harrod bid for Switzer was obviously overlooked in I.B.I's handling of the bid —that was that **Miss Hamilton-Reid,** Chairman of Switzer, is also the International Commissioner of the Irish Girl Guides. Now there may be youngsters amongst you who have never heard of Baden-Powell, not to mention his carry on in Mafeking before he founded the Scout Association in 1908. But even the most uninitiated will not fail to remember that the first and constant duty of every girl guide is to BE PREPARED. Miss Hamilton-Reid was prepared and being prepared means knowing her shareholders as well as she knows every last Brownie in the troupe.

Miss Hamilton-Reid scorned the first undefined bid from Waterford only, "which will put a value of aproximately 70p on each Switzer ordinary share" as "totally unacceptable". That was April 28th. Nor was she impressed when Harrods (House of Fraser Ltd.) joined forces with Waterford to raise the offer, in a share and cash package, to the equivalent of 88p, on May 10th. She continued to sit tight, when on June 11th the IBI underwrote the Waterford shares at 60p each, thereby providing an all-cash alternate of 88p. She retaliated on June 11th, with an up-to-date valuation of Switzer properties, and demanded a cash price of 95p or nothing, and ten days later was able to announce that 57% of her shareholders had pledged a degree of loyalty to her that even Baden-Powell would have been proud of. I.B.I. began to get desperate. It warned that the cash alternative would not be available after July 2nd and swore, in capital letters no less, that WE DO NOT INTEND TO INCREASE OUR OFFERS. But Miss Hamilton Reid, like any other girl guide, was not to be mislead. She settled it all with that nice **Mr. McGrath,** who finally came up with an offer equivalent to 100p —which is 85% in excess of the market price of Switzers shares before the first Waterford offer. Well done Miss Hamilton Reid.

* * *

THERE WAS A TIME when I felt as critical of the economic criteria of Bord na Mona's operations, as I do that of most State companies. But I am now convinced that its social effect in the boglands east of the Shannon is worth all the State capital that has been ploughed into it during the past 25 years.

Bord na Mona provides regular employment for 5,000 workers — almost all in rural areas — and particularly in areas where they would not otherwise find any employment at all. The social implications of this are obvious enough — but the economic saving of keeping that number of job seekers, house hunters, car drivers, child producers, and pollution spreaders out of Dublin, is incalculable.

So great has been Bord na Mona's example in providing rural employment that I venture to suggest one final gesture — that the entire head office should pull out of Pembroke Street and relocate in Tullamore or Athlone. I don't expect **Dermot Lawlor** to love me for the suggestion. I fully realise the difficulties involved; but a lead from Bord na Mona at this time, could have tremendous repercussions. And the effect on the whole community in the Birr/Athlone/Tullamore triangle, would be stupendous.

And before I leave Bord na Mona, I can't help contrasting its history and development with the giveaway of the oil and gas exploration rights around our shores, that was announced last week. The sea around us contains far greater wealth than all the bogs in Christendom. But the same vision and courage which initiated the whole programme of peat development 25 years ago, is apparently lacking today. If the country was ready, willing and able to invest £30 million in the development of its natural resources in peat, why is it afraid to tackle the vast potential of petroleum products on the offshore shelf? Is the answer to this question as to so many others, that the leadership is just not there today?

* * *

THE IRISH COUNCIL of the European Movement is lucky to have secured the services of **Michael Sweetman** on secondment from the Confederation of Irish Industry. If there is a more enthusiastic, or energetic proponent of the Common Market in Ireland — I have yet to meet him. Michael Sweetman has been travelling the highways and byways for at least the past twelve months, extolling the glories of the E.E.C. and like Miss Hamilton Reid telling us all to be prepared. As I say the Council is lucky to get him full time.

But now that he has moved over, I hope **Ned Gray** and the rest of the C.I.I. staff will put aside the rose tinted glasses and cast a more sceptical eye on the implications of membership, and the course of the negotiations to date.

Personally I'm coming around to the position that there is only one condition under which Ireland should accept membership of the E.E.C. — and that is if the whole country is considered an under-developed area and thereby qualifies for all the exceptions and all the loopholes available from that bunch of bureaucrats in Brussels. And this is a very reasonable position as anyone who bothers to compare the per capita income in Ireland with that of any other E.E.C. member will soon see.

Bank of Ireland Group

Consolidated Profit and Loss Account for the fifteen months ended 31st March 1971

The Consolidated Profit of the Group is £2,106,885. The Court of Directors recommend a Final Dividend of 8½% less income tax which, with the Interim Dividends of 4% paid on 29th December 1970 and 5% paid on 31st March 1971, makes a total of 17½% for the period of 15 months (a rate of dividend equivalent to the 14% paid in respect of the year 1969).

Consolidated Balance Sheet Extracts

	31/3/1971 £	31/12/1969 £
Capital Stock Issued	11,235,608	11,070,138
Published Reserves:		
Capital (including Stock Premium Account £2,573,000)	4,190,000	3,942,000
Revenue	5,618,000	5,534,000
Loan Stocks	7,200,000	7,200,000
Deposit, Current and other Accounts	517,979,000	427,589,000
Cash, Money at Call and Short Notice	108,316,000	89,265,000
Investments	76,404,000	84,958,000
Exchequer Bills and Exchequer Notes	54,249,000	44,783,000
Advances	287,490,000	230,387,000
Premises	14,710,000	14,059,000
Balance Sheet Totals	581,068,000	489,907,000

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WHO'S WHO IN INSURANCE

B

BALBIRNIE, JAMES ROBERT DUNDAS, Branch Manager, Guardian Royal Exchange Assurance Group, Dublin.

Career: 1943, joined Guardian Royal, spent most of career in East Africa and the Far East.

B.: Dublin 29/9/1927.

Ed.: High School, Dublin.

M.: 1958, 2 sons, 1 daughter.

Address: "Kabete," 5 Kilgobbin Lawn, Stepaside, Co. Dublin.

BAILY, EDMOND, F.C.I.I., Assistant Manager, Zurich Insurance Co.

Career: 1951/1959 State Assurance. 1959 to date, Zurich Insurance Co.

B.: Dublin 21/9/1933.

Ed.: Mountjoy School, Dublin; U.C.D.

M.: 1969, Helen Murphy, 2 daughters.

Clubs: Council of Insurance Institute of Dublin; Rathfarnham Golf Club.

Address: 49 Henley Park, Dublin 14.

BLYTHMAN, ROBERT, F.C.I.I., F.C.I.B., chairman and Managing Director, W. John Rose and Son Ltd., Director Blythman (Life and Pensions) Ltd., W. Blythman Ltd.

Career: 1948/1963 Norwich Union Insurance Society, 1963 to date W. John Rose and Son.

B.: Dublin, 2nd Sept., 1930.

Ed.: St. Andrew's College, Dublin.

M.: 1956, 3 sons.

Clubs: Royal Zoological Society.

Address: "Harlech," Joyce Avenue, Foxrock, Co. Dublin.

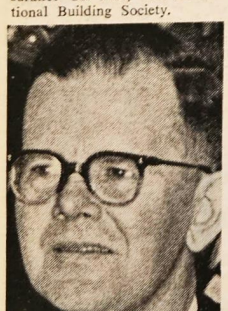
BRENNAN, GABRIEL, B.L.F.C.I.I., Managing Director, Brennan Insurances Ltd., Vice-President Corporation of Insurance Brokers of Ireland.

Ed.: Belvedere College, U.C.D.

B.: Dublin, 6th June, 1927.

Address: 27 St. Mary's Road, Ballsbridge, Dublin 4.

BRENNAN, CHARLES J., K.M., B.L., F.C.I.I., Chairman Brennan Insurances Ltd., General Manager of Irish Public Bodies Mutual Insurances Ltd.; Director, The Insurance Corporation of Ireland; Irish Catholic Church Property Insurance Co. Ltd.; The Educational Building Society.



Charles J. Brennan

Career: 1933/1938, Staff of Hibernian Insurance Co.; 1938/1940, Secretary of Brennan Insurance Ltd.; 1940/1943, became Captain in Irish Army, returned to Brennan Insurance; 1953/1960, Chairman Radio Eireann Council; 1960/1965, Member of R.T.E. Authority; Past-Chairman, Irish Insurance Association; Past President Insurance Institute of Ireland, Corporation of Insurance Brokers of Ireland.

B.: Dublin, 19th Sept., 1915.

Ed.: Scoil Bhrid., Belvedere College, U.C.D., Kings Inns, Dublin.

M.: 1948, Ursula Flynn, 4 sons, 3 daughters.

Clubs: Stephen's Green Club, Milltown Golf Club, Joint Hon. Treasurer Fheis Ceoil, Vice-Chairman Irish Musical Fund, Member Irish Australian Society.

Address: Ashgrove House, Highfield Road, Dublin 6.

BRESLIN, JAMES C., Assoc. Chartered Insurance Institute, Company Secretary New Ireland Assurance Co. Ltd.

Career: Joined New Ireland Assurance Co. Ltd. September, 1944; appointed Assistant Manager, January, 1967; appointed Company Secretary, January, 1970.

B.: Dublin, 10th December, 1926.

Ed.; Synge Street C.B.S.

M.: January, 1954, Ann Byrne, 1 son, 1 daughter.

Address: "Liospoppal," St. Brigid's Road, Clondalkin, Co. Dublin.

BREEN, JOHN NOEL, Fire Manager, Insurance Corporation of Ireland Ltd.

Ed.: C.B.S., Synge Street.

BOOTH, BASIL, B.A., Econ., Director Irish Pensions Trust Ltd., Managing Director A.P.V. Desco Ltd., Director Booth Bros. Ltd., Booth Poole and Co. Ltd., Booth Buck and Hickman Ltd., Thomas Pearson and Co. Ltd., Member University Club.

Address: The Leys, Carrickmines, Co. Dublin.

BUTLER, PASCHAL BAYCON, Associate of the Charter Insurance Institute; Barrister at Law; Director, Legal and Commercial (Insurance Brokers) Ltd.; Director Legal and Pensions Ltd.; Council member Irish Exporters' Association.

Career: 1950, joined Staff Insurance Corporation of Ireland. Admitted as Associate of Chartered Insurance Institute, 1954. Called to Irish Bar, 1958. Resigned as Assistant Accident Manager, Insurance Corporation of Ireland, to become founder director in present company.

B.: Dublin, 1932.

Ed.: Belvedere College, U.C.D.; Kings Inn.

M.: 1963, Mary O'Ferrall, 2 daughters.

Address: 18 Sandymount Avenue, Ballsbridge, Dublin 4.

BYRNE, SEAMUS, Fire Manager, Irish Catholic Church Property Insurance Co., Ltd.

Career—1946, joined Hibernian Insurance Co. Ltd.; 1956 joined Irish Catholic Church Property Insurance Co., Ltd.; 1969 appointed Fire Manager.

B.: Dublin, 10th April, 1931.

Ed.: Synge Street C.B.S. **M.:** Married, 2 sons. **Clubs:** Royal Zoological Society. **Address:** 92 Weston Park, Dundrum, Dublin.

C

CADWELL, BRENDAN P., Director and Assistant General Manager, Irish National Insurance Co. Ltd. Member Insurance Institute of Ireland.

B.: Dublin, 11/2/1913.

Ed.: Christian Brothers, Dublin.

M.: 1939, 2 sons, 1 daughter.

Address: 48 Castle Grove, Clontarf, Dublin.

CARR, JOHN GERARD, Director Coyle Hamilton Hamilton Phillips Ltd.; Managing Director Irish Underwriting Agencies Ltd.; Director, Argosy Insurance Co. Ltd., Coyle and Co. Ltd., Coyle and Co. (Holdings) Ltd. (Secretary).

Career: 1930, joined Gallagher Dublin) Ltd., 1935 joined Coyle and Co. (Brokers) Ltd.; co-opted to Board of Directors of Coyle and Co. (Insurance) Ltd.; Fellow, Corporation of Insurance Brokers (London), Corporation of Insurance Brokers of Ireland; Past President, Dublin Chamber of Commerce; Past President, Terenure College; Member, Government Committee currently investigating Insurance in Ireland.

B.: 1914. Married, 1 son, 1 daughter.

CLANCY, SEAN, Accident Manager, Irish Catholic Church Property Insurance Co., Ltd.

Career: 1955, joined Equitable Insurance Co., Ltd. 1961, Joined Irish Catholic Church Property Insurance Co., Ltd. 1967, appointed Accident Superintendent, 1969, appointed Accident Manager. **B.:** Dublin, 15th September, 1936. **Ed.:** Synge Street C.B.S. **M.:** Married, 13/9/1961, 3 sons 1 daughter. **Address:** 8 Maywood Avenue, Raheny.

COFFEY, PATRICK RICHARD, Director, Associated Life and Pensions Services Ltd.; V. P. Phillips (Life and Pensions) Ltd.

Career: 4 years in Africa with Price Forbes. Also staff Norwich Union, Africa. Age 34. Married, 1 son, 1 daughter.

Member of Stephen's Green Club.

COLLINS, JAMES C., F.C.I.I., Chairman and Managing J. C. Collins and Co. Ltd.

Career: Past President, Insurance Institute of Ireland.

B.: London, 13th May, 1917.

Ed.: O'Connell School, Dublin.

M.: 1942, Josephine Hart, 3 sons.

Clubs: Castle Golf Club, Council Member, Corporation of Insurance Brokers of Ireland.

Address: 12 Dartry Park, Dublin 6.

COWMAN, PATRICK A., Managing Director, Coyle Hamilton Hamilton Phillips (Group) Ltd. and Coyle Hamilton Hamilton Phillips Ltd.

Career: 1934, Coyle and Co. (Insurance) Ltd.; 1944, Director, V. P. Phillips and Co. Ltd, Managing Director 1963; 1957 and 1970, President, The Insurance Institute of Ireland; 1960 and 1961, President, The Corporation of Insurance Brokers of Ireland; 1970, Managing Director Coyle Hamilton Hamilton Phillips Group.

B.: Wexford, 22/2/'17.

Ed.: Manchester Grammar and St. Gregory's, Manchester.

M.: 6/6/1945, Margaret Cahill, 3 sons, 2 daughters.

Other Directorships: Associated Insurance Services Ltd., Associated Life and Pensions Services Ltd., Four Provinces Enterprises Ltd., Lorcan Bourke Enterprises Ltd., Argosy and Co. Ltd.

Clubs: Council Member of: Insurance Institute of Ireland, Insurance Institute of Dublin, The Chartered Insurance Institute. Hibernian United Service, Sutton Golf Club.

Address: Dun Muire, Strand Road, Baldoyle, Co. Dublin.

CROTTY, JAMES J., Partner, Crotty MacRedmond Insurances Ltd.

Career: Prior to 1965, Management Norwich Union; 1965 to date, own business.

B.: Dungarvan, 12/5/1934.

Ed.: Castleknock College.

M.: 10/5/1958, Frances Smyth, 1 son, 4 daughters.

Clubs: Stephen's Green, Fitzwilliam L.T.C.

Address: "Nahant," 15 Avoca Avenue, Blackrock.

CROWLEY, NIALL, F.C.A., Director Irish Life Assurance Co. Ltd.; Partner, Kennedy Crowley and Co.; Director, Allied Irish Banks Ltd., Munster and Leinster Bank Ltd., Alliance and Dublin Consumers Gas Co. Ltd.

Career: 1949, qualified as Chartered Accountant with Kennedy and Crowley; 1951, became Partner in Kennedy Crowley; 1958, Chairman Dublin Society of Chartered Accountants; 1971, President Institute of Chartered Accountants, Ireland.

B.: Dublin, 18th September, 1926.

Niall Crowley

Ed.: Xavier School, Donnybrook; Castleknock College.

M.: 8/9/1953, Una Hegarty, 5 sons, 1 daughter.

Clubs: Portmarnock and Milltown Golf Clubs, Stephen's Green Club.

Address: 18 Herbert Park, Ballsbridge, Dublin 4.

D

DELANY, ROWLAND PETER, F.I.A., Director and General Manager, Associated Life and Pensions Service Ltd.

Career: 13 years with Irish Life Assurance Co. Ltd.

M.: Married, 3 daughters.

Clubs: Royal St. George Yacht Club.

DEMPSEY, JEREMIAH FRANCIS, B.Comm., LL.D., F.C.A., Director, Hibernian Insurance Co. Bank of Ireland Group, National Bank of Ireland, Hibernian Bank Ltd.; Aer Lingus/Aerlinte, Bord Failte, Foster Finance, Heinz/Erin, I.B.M., Nordic Fishing, Steralcon Food Products Ltd.

B.: 5th July, 1906.

Ed.: C.B.S., Westland Row, U.C.D.

M.: May Keating, 4 sons.

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De RENZY, MAURICE, P.C., F.C.I.B., Managing Director, Price Forbes (Ireland) Ltd.
Career: 1944, Scottish Union and National; served in "Alliance," Cork, and "London Assurance," Dublin; appointed Chief Inspector 1960; Assistant Manager 1961; Manager 1963.
B.: Dublin, 30th April, 1926.
Ed.: Mountjoy School, Dublin.
M.: 1956, Jean Robinson, 4 sons, 1 daughter.
Clubs: United Service Club, Dublin; Dublin Chamber of Commerce; Insurance Institute of Ireland; Royal Dublin Society; Royal Zoological Society.
Address: Whiteoaks, Foxrock, Co. Dublin.

DEVIR, RONALD, M.B.A., Staff Manager, Insurance Corporation of Ireland Ltd.
Career: 1955/1961, Irish Civil Service; 1961/1968, The Aetna Casualty and Surety Co., Hartford, Connecticut, U.S.A.; 1969 to date, Insurance Corporation of Ireland Ltd.
Ed.: Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.A.

DORE, MICHAEL JOSEPH, B.Sc. (Econ), A.I.I.S., M.P.S.I., Secretary and Director, P.M.P.A. Insurance Co. Ltd.
Career: 1958, Secretary, P.M.P.A., Member of the Road Safety Advisory Group, "An Foras Forbartha."
B.: 1915, Limerick.
Ed.: Rockwell College, Cashel; U.C.D.
M.: January, 1944, Mary Enright, 6 sons, 1 daughter.
Clubs: Committee Member Dublin Historical Association, Irish Historical Society, Ball den Chlub Dramaiochta.
Address: 5 Orchardstown Park, Dublin 14.

DUGGAN, RICHARD GEORGE, Chairman Duggan Insurances Ltd.; Director Irish Glass Bottle Company Ltd., Irish International Bank Ltd., Hospitals Trust (1940) Ltd., Flemings Fireclays Ltd., Solus Teoranta.
B.: Dublin, 18th June, 1911.
Ed.: Belvedere College, Clongowes Wood.
M.: 24th January, 1934, 1 son.
Clubs: R.I.A.C., St. Stephen's Green Club, Portmarnock Golf Club, President of Leinster Branch Showjumping Association of Ireland.
Address: Monks Meadow, Portmarnock, Co. Dublin.

DUGGAN, RICHARD G., Jnr., Director Duggan Insurances Ltd.
B.: Dublin, 31/10/1935.
Ed.: Xaviers Private School, Dublin; Glenstal Abbey, Limerick.
Clubs: St. Stephen's Green Club, R.I.A.C.
Address: Varykino, Castleknock, Co. Dublin.

DUGGAN, PATRICK A., F.I.C.A.I., Partner, Duggan Insurances Ltd.; Director Bank of Ireland Group, Hospitals Trust (1940) Ltd., Hibernian Insurance Co. Ltd., Irish Cinemas Ltd.
B.: Dublin, 1909.
Ed.: Belvedere College, Clongowes.

E

ELLIS HENRY, Barrister at Law, Supervisor, Republic of Ireland Canada Life Assurance Co.
Career: Joined Canada Life 1940. Past President Insurance Institute of Ireland, Member of Committee of Management of Meath Hospital.
B: Cahir, Co. Tipperary, 3rd December, 1917.
Ed: Christian Brothers, Newry, Co. Down; Trinity College, Dublin; Kings Inns.
Clubs: Dublin Rotary Club.
Address: "Ardacha", Kilgobbin, Sandyford, Co. Dublin.

EARLY, DANIEL PATRICK, B.L., A.C.I.I., Director Irish Pensions Trust Ltd.
Career: Practised at the Bar 1951/1956; Member Council of the Association of Irish Pensions Funds.
B.: January, 1926.
Ed.: Newbridge College, U.C.D., Kings Inns.
M.: 1956, Cathryn Lyster, 1 son, 2 daughters.
Clubs: Hibernian United Services, Woodbrook Golf Club.
Address: 3 Marlborough Park, Glenageary, Co. Dublin.

F

FEEHAN, MERVYN MICHAEL, General Manager, Life and Pensions Ltd.
Career: 1952/1969, Official, Royal Bank of Ireland Ltd.; 1960/1962, Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada; 1962/1965, Inspector National Mutual Life Association of Australasia; 1965 to date.
B.: Dublin, 1933.
Ed.: Glenstal Abbey, Co. Limerick.
Clubs: Dun Laoghaire Golf Club.
Address: 26 Waterloo Road, Dublin 4.

G

GAW, HARRY G., Director Consolidated Insurance Brokers Ltd. **Career:** 1938/1946 General Insurance Corporation, Ltd.; 1946 / 1950 Inspector Employers Liability Assurance Corporation., 1950 formed Gaw Boardman and Sheeran Ltd., 1963 merged with Baily Hutton and Black Ltd., to form Consolidated Insurance Brokers Ltd. **Born:** Dublin, 19/11/1921. **Ed.:** The High School, Dublin. **M.,** 29/11/1947, Doris Doyle, 1 son, 3 daughters. **Clubs:** Foxrock Golf Club, Palmerston Football Club. **Address:** St. Annes, Leopardstown Road, Foxrock, Co. Dublin.

GOULDING, ERNEST ANTHONY, Managing Director, Irish Pensions Trust Ltd., Deputy Chairman Ulster Pensions Trustees Ltd. Director, Noble Lowndes Coyle Ltd., Hill Samuel and Co. (Ireland) Ltd., Irish Life Assurance Co. Ltd., 1940/1952, Governor Central Remedial Clinic, Charles Shiels Society; Board of Management, Our Lady's Hospital for Sick Children, President, Dublin Rotary Club, 1969/1970. **B.:** Dublin, 13th June, 1921. **Ed.:** C.B.S. Westland Row, Dublin. **M.:** 2/2/1949, Dorothy Isobel Franklin, 3 sons, 2 daughters. **Clubs:** Royal St. George Yacht Club, Milltown Golf Club. **Address:** Legende, Falls Road, Shankill, Co. Dublin.

GOULDING, SIR WILLIAM BASIL, Bt., M.A., Director, Hibernian Insurance Co. Ltd., Chairman, W. & H. M. Goulding Ltd., Goulding Fertilisers Ltd., Goulding Fertilisers (Sligo) Ltd., N.P.K. Ltd., Phosphac Ltd., Goulding Properties Ltd., Director, Sulphac Ltd., Richardsons Fertilisers Ltd., Ulster Fertilisers Ltd.; Rio Tinto Zinc Corp. Ltd.; Irish Pensions Trust Ltd.; Johnston Mooney and O'Brien Ltd.; A. H. Masser Ltd.; Masser-Waterford Ironfounders Ltd.; Bank of Ireland Group; Brunswick of Ireland Ltd.; Winter and Spring Ltd.; Lowndes Coyle Ltd.; Irish Metal Industries Ltd.; Dangle Glen Co.; Erytheria Co.; Hesperides Co.; Aegle Co.; Kilkenny Design Workshops Ltd. **B.:** Dublin, 4th November, 1909. **Ed.:** Ludgrove, Winchester, Oxford. **M.:** 28/8/1939, Valerie Monckton, 3 sons. **Clubs:** Contemporary Irish Art Society (Chairman); Army and Navy

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(Continued from Page 22)

Club, London. **Address:** Dargle Cottage, Enniskerry, Co. Wicklow.

H

HARBERD, BERNARD EDWARD, B.A., F.I.A., Director and Actuary, Life and Pensions Ltd., Director Legal and Commercial Ltd. **B.:** Cardiff. **Ed.:** Barry Grammar School, Cambridge University. **M.:** 1968, Ann Gleeson, 1 son 1 daughter. **Clubs:** Dublin University Club. **Address:** 17 Ballinclea Heights, Killiney, Co. Dublin.

HALPIN, EDWARD LAURENCE, P.C., F.I.I.S., Resident Secretary and Chief Executive for Ireland of Royal Liver Friendly Society. **Career:** 1946 to date Royal Liver Friendly Society. **B.:** Dublin, 24th February, 1914. **Ed.:** C.B.S. Westland Row. **M.:** 1945, Patricia M. Kettle. **Clubs:** Royal Dublin Society, Committee Member Bohemian Football Club. **Address:** 17 Gilford Avenue, Sandymount, Dublin 4.

HERLIHY, DENIS, Director and General Manager Insurance Corporation of Ireland Ltd. First Vice-President International Union of Aviation Insurers. Director, Aer Lingus, Aerlinte Eireann. **Career:** 1929/1950 Civil Service Departments of Lands and Fisheries, Revenue Commissioners, Finance, Supplies, Industry and Commerce, 1950 to date Insurance Corporation of Ireland. **Ed.:** St. Brendan's, Killarney, North Monastery, Cork.

HUGHES, ERNEST W., A.C.I.I., Manager, P.M.P.A., Insurance Co. Ltd. **Career:** 1946 Motor Dept., Union Insurance Society Ltd. 1961 Chief Clerk, Accident Dept., Shield Insurance Co. 1962 Accident Superintendent, Commercial Insurance Corporation of Ireland. 1964 Manager, Robert J. Jolly, Incorporated Insurance Brokers. 1967 appointed Manager, P.M.P.A. **B.:** Dublin, 1930. **Ed.:** St. Andrew's College, Dublin. **M.:** 1955, 1 son 3 daughters. **Address:** 18 Harmonstown Grove, Artane, Dublin.

HOWLETT, BRIAN GERARD, B.A., A.C.A., Secretary, Irish Pensions Trust Ltd., Lowndes Coyle Ltd., Ulster Pension Trustees Ltd. **Career:** 1964/1968 Irish Life Assurance Co., 1968 to date. **B.:** Dublin, 1935. **Ed.:** Castleknock College, U.C.D. **M.:** 1964, Mary Perren, 1 son 1 daughter. **Clubs:** An Taisc, Music Association of Ireland, Member of Dublin Chamber of Commerce. **Address:** 118 South Park, Foxrock, Co. Dublin.

HARRIS, NOEL, B.Econ.Sc., Divisional Officer Association Of Scientific Technical and Managerial Staffs.

Career: Engineering Draughtsman, Harland and Wolfe, Belfast; Short Bros. and Harland Ltd. 1967/1968 Irish Organiser Guild of Insurance Officials, 1968/1970 Secretary for Ireland Union of Insurance Staffs.

B.: Belfast, 29th October, 1937.

Ed.: Methodist College, Belfast, Queen's University, Ruskin College, Oxford.

M.: 31st March, 1962, Rhona Jane Bryant, 2 sons.

Address: 129 Meadow Grove, Dundrum, Dublin 14.

J

JOLLEY, ARTHUR ROBERT, B.A., B.Comm., Director, Hamilton and Hamilton Ltd, Coyle Hamilton Hamilton Phillips Ltd., A.L.P.S. Ltd., Managing Director Associated Insurance Services Ltd. Member, Insurance Institute of Dublin. **Career:** 1945/68, Robert J. Jolley and Co., Ltd. 1968/71, Hamilton and Hamilton Ltd. **B.:** 1925. Married, 3 daughters. **Clubs:** Dublin University Club, Dublin University Motor Club.

K

KENNY, KIERAN, Director, Irish Life Assurance Co., Ltd., Chairman and Managing Director, Banagher Tiles Ltd., Chairman and Director, Jas. Kenny and Sons Ltd., Director, Midland Regional Tourism Organisation Ltd. **B.:** Banagher, Co. Offaly. Married, 5 sons, 5 daughters. **Clubs:** Birr Golf Club. **Address:** Harbour Street, Banagher, Co. Offaly.

KILLANIN, LORD, M.B.E. (mil), T.D. M.A., M.R.I.A., F.R.S.A., M.Inst.T., Commander of Order of Grimaldi, Finnish Olympic Merit, Austrian Olympic Medal; Star of Italian Solidarity. Chairman, Associated Life and Pension Service Ltd., Lombard Bank (Ireland) Ltd. Director Irish Shell (B.P.), Ltd., Bovril (Ireland) Ltd., and others; past president, Incorporated Sales Managers Association (Ireland); Member International Olympic Committee (Vice-President, 1968); President, Olympic Council of Ireland; Member, National Monuments Advisory Council, Cultural Relations Advisory Committee, Central Council, Irish Red Cross Society, R.N.L.I., Committee of Management; Trustee, Irish Sailors, Soldiers Land Trust; Reporter and Political Columnist, Daily Mail, 1935-1939. **B.:** 30th July, 1914. **Ed.:** Eton; Sorbonne, Paris; Magdallene College, Cambridge. **M.:** 1947, Sheila Dunlop, M.B.E. **Clubs:** St. Stephen's Green Club; Garrick Club (London); County Club, Galway. **Address:** St. Annins, Spiddal, Co. Galway; 30 Lansdowne Road, Dublin 4.

KNAGGS, SYDNEY JAMES, Assistant Manager, Sun Alliance and London Group. **Career:** 1947/52, Sun Alliance (Galway Branch), 1957/'68 (Liverpool Branch). Chief Inspector. Appointed Assistant Manager, Dublin, July, 1968. **B.:** Dublin, 21/29/1920. **Ed.:** St. Andrew's College, Dublin. **M.:** 1947, Dorothy E. Reglar, 2 sons, 4 daughters. **Clubs:** Joint Hon. Librarian, Insurance Institute of Dublin. Member of Royal Air Force Association (Dublin Branch). **Address:** 31 Kerrymount Rise, Foxrock, Co. Dublin.

L

LANNIN, JAMES, Director and General Manager, Irish National Insurance Co., Ltd., Member Insurance Institute of Ireland. **Career:** London Assurance, 1939/1946. Irish National, 1946 to date. **B.:** Cork, 21/4/'20. **Ed.:** Presentation College, Cork. **M.:** 8/2/1949, 3 sons, 1 daughter. **Clubs:** Royal Cork Yacht Club. Member Irish Management Institute. **Address:** 3 Saval Park Road, Dalkey, Co. Dublin.

LENNON, DECLAN LAURENCE, Director, Coyle Hamilton Hamilton Phillips

(Continued in Page 24)

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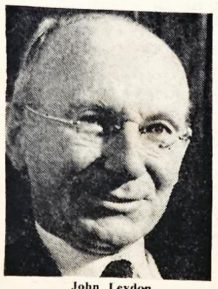
(Group) Ltd. Coyle Hamilton Hamilton Phillips Ltd., Hamilton and Hamilton Ltd., Managing Director, Associated Life and Pension Services Ltd. **Career:** 1954/1964, City Inspector, Sun Alliance Group. 1965 Director Hamilton and Hamilton. 1967 Director Associated Life and Penions Service Ltd. Vice-President Junior Chamber International, 1971 — U.S.A. **B.:** 1933. Married, 2 sons, 4 daughters. **Clubs:** Royal Dublin Golf Club, Howth Yacht Club, Clontarf Rugby Club, Fitzwilliam - Stephen's Green Clubs.



John Leydon

LEYDON, JOHN, LL.D. (H.C., Dublin University), Knight Commander of the Order of St. Gregory, Knight of Malta, Director and Chairman, Insurance Corporation of Ireland. Director, National Bank of Ireland Ltd.; Cement Ltd.; Wm. and P. Thompson Ltd.

Career: British Civil Service, 1921/1923; Irish Civil Service, Dept. of Finance 1923/1932; Secretary, Dept. of Industry and Commerce, 1932/1955, Secretary, Dept. of Supplies, 1939/1945 Economic Advisor to Minister for Industry and Commerce; 1955/1956 Chairman Aer Lingus and Aer Rianta, 1937/1949 Secretary Economic Committee; 1928 Chairman, Dollar Experts Advisory Committee, 1956, member, Commission of Inquiry on Derating, 1931 member, Board of Governors. National Gallery, Past President Institute of Public Administration; member, Council and Executive Committee, Irish Management Institute, 1957/1965. **B.:** 1895. **Ed.:** St. Mel's College, Longford; St. Patrick's College, Maynooth. **Address:** 58 Ailesbury Road, Dublin 4.

LOBO, CYRIL JOHN, Fellow of the Association of Certified and Corporate Accountants. Financial Controller, The Insurance Corporation of Ireland Ltd., 1946/1971.

LYONS, REGINALD WM., Assistant Manager (Dublin Branch), Sun Alliance and London Insurance Group.

Career: 1940, Royal Insurance Group, 1949, County Fire Office Inspector. 1964, appointed District Manager Waterford Sun Alliance, London. 1970 appointed Assistant Manager Dublin Branch. **B.:** Dublin, 12/7/1922. **Ed.:** St. Mathew's and Diocesan Boys' School. **M.:** 14/8/1947, Ann Lillian Hotley, 2 sons, 1 daughter. **Clubs:** Foxrock Golf Club, Irish Hockey Union, Leprechaun Cricket Club. **Address:** Joyce Avenue, Foxrock, Co. Dublin.

M

MacDONAGH, JOSEPH, Chairman and Managing Director, MacDonagh and Boland Ltd., MacDonagh and Boland Life and Pensions Ltd. **Career:** 4 years with Hibernian Insurance Co., 1 year Insurance Broking in London. **B.:** 20/9/1822. **Ed.:** Belvedere College. **M.:** 20/4/1943, Maureen Stewart, 3 sons, 1 daughter **Clubs:** Milltown Golf Club, Dublin Musical Society, St. Stephen's Green Club, Fitzwilliam L.T.C., Member Dublin/American Chamber of Commerce. **Address:** 22 Orwell Park, Rathgar, Dublin.

MacREDMOND, EDWARD ANTHONY, Associate Chartered Insurance Institute, Joint Managing Director, Crotty MacRedmond (Insurances) Ltd., Director, J. W. Rowe and Co. Ltd., Tinerana Investment Ltd., Anglesea Properties Ltd. **Career:** 1951 joined staff Norwich Union. 1957 started Crotty Insurance Brokers. 1966 became Crotty MacRedmond (Insurances) Ltd. **B.:** Waterford. 17/6/1933. **Ed.:** Crescent College S.J., Limerick. **M.:** July, 1958, Sarah Greavey, 1 son, 1 daughter. **Clubs:** St. Stephen's Green Club, Lansdowne Football Club, Dun Laoghaire Golf Club. **Address:** 5 Nutley Road, Donnybrook, Dublin 4.

MAHER, PATRICK JOSEPH, M.A., F.I.A., Assistant Actuary, New Ireland Assurance Co. **Career:** Qualified as F.I.A. in 1965, while a member of Bacon and Woodrow. Joined New Ireland 1966 as Assistant Actuary. **B.:** Dublin, 21/5/1936. **Ed.:** Glenstal, U.C.D. **M.:** 13/9/1970, Anne Marie Quinlan. **Clubs:** University Club. **Address:** 13 Palmerston Road, Dublin 6.

MATHEWS, BRENDAN JOSEPH, Chairman, Mathews, Mulcahy and Sutherland Ltd., Chairman, M.M. and I. Life and Pensions Ltd., Mars Holdings Ltd., Vice - Chairman, Bowmaker (Ireland) Ltd., Bowmaker (Irish Finance) Ltd., Director, General Finance Trust Ltd., O'Keeffes Ltd., Advertising. **Career:** Past President, The Corporation of Insurance Brokers of Ireland. **B.:** Dublin, 22/6/1916. **Ed.:** Catholic University School, Dublin. **M.:** 1945, Ruth Joyce, 2 sons, 1 daughter. **Clubs:** U.S. Chamber of Commerce, Dublin Chamber of Commerce, Insurance Institute of Ireland, St. Stephen's Green Club., Milltown Golf Club, Royal Dublin Society, Royal St. George Yacht Club. **Address:** Herbert Lodge, Sydney Ave., Blackrock, Co. Dublin.

MATHEWS, BRIAN PAUL, President of The Corporation of Insurance Brokers of Ireland, Director and Chief Executive, Mathews, Mulcahy and Sutherland Ltd., Director M.M. and S. Life and Pensions Ltd., Mars Holdings Ltd., O'Keeffes Advertising Ltd., Hanaton Holdings. **B.:** Dublin, 28th November, 1927. **Ed.:** Catholic University School, Dublin. **M.:** 24/5/1950, Clare Carton, 3 sons 4 daughters.

Clubs: U.S. Chamber of Commerce, Dublin Chamber of Commerce, Insurance Institute of Ireland, St. Stephen's Green Club, Milltown Golf Club., R.I.A.C., Fitzwilliam Lawn Tennis Club.

Address: 124 Stillorgan Road, Donnybrook, Dublin 4.

McALEESE, DONAL SEAN, B.A., B.Comm., F.C.A., General Manager and Director, Irish Life Assurance Co., Ltd., Director, Irish Estates (Management) Ltd., C. P. Glorney Ltd., Deputy Chairman of F.U.E.

Career: 1951/1953 Professional Work—Craig Gardner and Co., Dublin; 1953 Secretary B. Hughes Ltd., Belfast; 1954/1963 Secretary/Director Salts (Ireland) Ltd., Tullamore; 1963 Chief Accountant Irish Life Assurance Co., Ltd. **B.:** Dublin, 29/8/1926. **Ed.:** Belvedere College, U.C.D. **M.:** 1954, 2 sons 3 daughters. **Clubs:** Portmarnock Golf Club, Fitzwilliam Lawn Tennis Club, Member of United Service Club. **Address:** Carnashee, Baily, Dublin.

Donal McAleese

McALLISTER, CATHAL KEVIN, F.C.I.I., M.C.I.B.I., Director Mathews, Mulcahy and Sutherland Ltd., M.M. and S. Life and Pensions Ltd., Mars Holdings Ltd. **B.:** Dublin, 1/10/1937. **Ed.:** Knockbeg College, Carlow. **M.:** 1966, Anne Marie Lyons, 1 daughter. **Clubs:** Hibernian United Services Club. St. John's Club (London), Lansdowne F.C., Hermitage Golf Club. Member, Insurance Institute of Ireland, Corporation of Insurance Brokers of Ireland, Irish Packaging Institute, Dun Laoire Jnr. Chamber of Commerce. **Address:** 58 Dargle Road, Blackrock, Co. Dublin.

George McDonnell

McDONNELL, GEORGE, Barrister-at-Law, Director, Life and Pensions Ltd., Legal and Commercial (Insurance Brokers) Ltd. **Career:** Until 1960—William Brandts Merchant Brokers, London. 1961 to date present position. Insurance and Pensions Correspondent for "Irish Times." **B.:** 27/10/1929. **Ed.:** U.C.D., King's Inn, Dublin. **M.:** 1960, Maureen Babington Hill, 1 son, 5 daughters. **Address:** Blackrock, Co. Dublin.

McDONALD, JOHN CHARLES, Branch Manager, Guardian Royal Exchange Assurance Group, Cork. **Career:** 1951, joined "Royal Exchange," appointed Inspector, 1956, 1965 appointed Manager, Cork. 1967 appointed Manager, Dublin. **B.:** Ballynahinch, Co. Down, 13/1/1932. **Ed.:** St. Mary's College, Dundalk. **M.:** 9/9/1961, Helen Dawson, 2 sons, 1 daughter. **Clubs:** Royal Zoological Society. **Address:** 20 Barnstead Drive, Blackrock, Cork.

McGRATH, PATRICK M., F.C.I.I., Secretary, Republic of Ireland, National Mutual Life Association of Australasia. **Career:** 1961/1966 Guardian Assurance Co. (London), 1966 to date present position. **B.:** Dublin, 7th September, 1940. **Ed.:** C.B.S. Westland Row, Holborn School of Economics (London). **M.:** 1964, Anne Waters, 1 son, 1 daughter. **Clubs:** Greystones Golf Club, Member, Insurance Institute of Ireland. **Address:** 28 Lakelands Avenue, Upr. Kilmacud Road, Co. Dublin.

McGRATH, PERCY, Director, the Insurance Corporation of Ireland Ltd., Senior Partner McGrath Brothers, Wholesale Tea Merchants, Director, The Abbey Clothing Co. Ltd., The Hospitals Trust Board, The Kilmaine Clothes Ltd. **Career:** Ex-Chairman Dublin Port and Docks Board. **Ed.:** Belvedere College, Clongowes College.

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McGUANE, MICHAEL DESMOND, B.Comm., B.A., M.A., Secretary and Investment Manager Irish Life Assurance, Director, Stephen Court, Harcourt House, Grattan Ltd., Lansdowne Ltd., Marks Ltd., Irish Estates (Mgt.) Ltd., South Mall Prep. Investments Ltd. **Career:** 1944/1947 Kennedy, Crowley and Co., 1948/1950, Assistant Accountant to the Unilever Group of Companies in Ireland. 1951, Chief Accountant to Baily, Son and Gibson Ltd., 1952/1957, Secretary to Coras Trachtala Teoranta., 1957, Assistant Secretary, Irish Life Assurance Co. Ltd. **B.:** Co. Kerry, 21st May, 1923. **Ed.:** Crescent College, S.J., Limerick, U.C.D. **M.:** 6th September, 1952, Eileen Waldron, 1 son, 1 daughter. **Clubs:** Portmarnock Golf Club, St. Stephen's Green Club; Member, Associate of Institute of Chartered Accountants in Ireland. **Address:** Couvercle, 2 Kilteragh Drive, Foxrock, Co. Dublin.

McLAUGHLIN, THOMAS J., Senior Council of the Kings Inn, Dublin and Middle Temple, London. Barrister-at-Law. (N.U.I.). Chairman, Coyle Hamilton Hamilton Phillips (Group) Ltd., Director, Jessfords Ltd., Silvermines Ltd. T. P. Whelehan and Sons Ltd. **Career:** Chairman J. Matterson and Sons Ltd., T. and C. Martins Ltd., Director Aspro-Nicholas of Ireland Ltd., Steel Pressings Ltd., President, Pharmaceutical and Allied Industries Association. Council Member, Federation of Irish Industries. ***B.:*** *1928, married,* 2 daughters. **Clubs:** Royal Irish Yacht Club, St. Stephen's Green Club, British Ornithologists Union. Orchid Society of Great Britain.

McMAHON, JOHN GERARD, B.Comm. F.C.A. Branch Manager, North Leinster Branch, Canada Lie Assurance Co., Founder Member and Past President of Dublin Junior Chamber of Commerce.

Career: Joined Canada Life 1960; Senator Junior Chamber International.

B: Dublin, 1926.

Ed: Cistercian College, Roscrea, U.C.D.

Clubs: Delgany Golf Club. Royal Dublin Society.

M: 18/1/1955, Deirdre McConnell, 3 sons, 4 daughters.

Address: 36 Castle Park, Monkstown, Co. Dublin.

MILLS, LEONARD EDWARD, A.C.I.I., Branch Secretary Sun Life of Canada. **Career:** 1930 Sun Life in London, 1948. Belfast Branch Cashier. Transferred to Dublin 1951. **B.:** Essex, 1913. **Ed.:** Westcliff School. **M.:** 2 daughters. **Clubs:** Malahide Sailing Club (Hon. Sec.). **Address:** 15 The Rise, Malahide, Co. Dublin.

MOLONEY, PATRICK J., Secretary, Irish National Insurance Co. Ltd. **Career:** Joined 1937 Irish National Insurance Ltd. Member of Insurance Institute of Ireland. **B.:** Dublin, 1920. **Ed.:** Colaiste Mhuire, Dublin. **M.:** 1950, 3 sons 1 daughter. **Clubs:** Woodbrook Golf Club. **Address:** 31 Clonkeen Drive, Foxrock, Co. Dublin.

MOORE, JOSEPH, F.I.I.S., Dip. in Social Studies (U.C.D.). Managing Director P.M.P.A. Member of the Committee of Inquiry into the Insurance Industry. **Career:** 1950, Secretary of Private Motorists Protection Association. Founder of Private Motorists Provident Society Ltd. in 1958. **B.:** 1908, Mountrath, Laois. **Ed.:** Patrician College, Ballyfin, Laois. St. Patrick's, Drumcondra. **M.:** 1936, Anne Anderson, 3 sons. **Clubs:** Glenalbyn G.A.A. Club. **Address:** 32 Leopardstown Avenue, Blackrock, Co. Dublin.

MONTGOMERY, NORMAN SEATON, Sch. B.A. Mod., Assistant Managing Director Irish Pensions Trust Ltd. **Career:** 1950/1956 Meteoroligical Officer. **B.:** Co. Cork, October, 1929. **Ed.:** High School, Dublin, T.C.D. **M.:** 1955, Vera Browne, 2 sons. **Clubs:** Uniersity Club, Rathfarnham and Millaown Golf clubs. **Address:** 4 Airfield Park, Stillorgan Road, Dublin 4.

N. S. Montgomery

MURPHY, JAMES JOSEPH, Director, Coyle, Hamilton Hamilton, Phillips Ltd., A.I.S, Ltd., V. P. Phillips and Co., Ltd. **B.:** 1919. Married, 1 son, 1 daughter. **Clubs:** Grange Golf Club.

MYERSCOUGH, CYRIL FREDERICK, F.C.I.B., Director, Coyle Hamilton Hamilton Phillips (Group) Ltd., Coyle Hamilton Hamilton, Phillips Ltd., Managing Director Coyle and Co. Ltd. (Insurance) Ltd., Chairman, Associated Insurance Services Ltd., Director, Myerscough and Co., Ltd., C.F.M. Holdings, Coyle and Co. (Holdings) Ltd., Chairman and Managing Director, R. J. Goff and Co. Ltd., Managing Director, Irish Bloodstock Agency Ltd., Fellow of Institute of Directors, Council Member of Bloodstock Breeders' and Horse Owners' Association of Ireland.

Career: Joined insurance 1925.

B.: 1907. Married, 2 sons, 1 daughter.

Clubs: Member, Council of Chamber of Commerce, Turf Club, Kildare Street Club, Stephen's Green Club, Portmarnock and Milltown Golf clubs.

MYERSCOUGH, ROBERT SPENCER, Director, Coyle Hamilton Hamilton Phillips (Group) Ltd., Coyle Hamilton Hamilton Phillips Ltd., Associated Life and Pensions Service Ltd., Assistant Managing Director, Coyle and Co. (Insurance) Ltd. Director, Associated Insurance Services Ltd., C.F.M. Holdings, Coyle and Co. (Holdings) Ltd., Irish Bloodstock Agency Ltd., Robert J. Goff and Co. Ltd., Chairman, Myerscough and Co. Ltd.

Career: 1958/1961 Royal Insurance Co. Ltd. 1961 Coyle and Co. Ltd. 1962 Director Coyle and Co. **Born:** 1940.

Clubs: Royal Dublin Society, Royal St. George Yacht Club, Kildare Street Club, All-Ireland Polo Club, Irish Georgian Society, National Trust for Ireland, Ski Club of Great Britain, Army Ski Association. Member, Insurance Institute of Dublin/Ireland, Corporation of Insurance Brokers of Ireland, Corporation of Insurance Brokers.

N

NORMAN, GEORGE ARTHUR SEYMOUR. Manager for the Republic of Ireland, Standard Life Assurance Co.

Career: Joined Standard Life As. Co., 1925. India 1930/1946. Edinburgh Branch manager 1946/1962. Dublin Manager 1962 to date.

B.: London, 5th December, 1907.

Ed.: Mercer's School, London. **M.:** 1949, Anne McAlpine, 1 son.

Clubs: Dublin University Club. Calidonian Club, Edinburgh, Royal Bountey Yacht Club, Royal Irish Yacht Club.

Address: 23 Stillorgan Park Avenue, Co. Dublin.

O

O'HANLON, BARTHOLOMEW REGINALD, Branch Manager, Cork Standard Life Assurance Co.

Career: 1946/1962, Inspector with Standard Life, 1962/1964 Local Manager, Cork, Branch Manager 1964 to date. Played in the Irish Rugby Team when Ireland won the Triple Crown 1948/49.

B.: Mallow, Co. Cork, 23rd October, 1923.

Ed.: Rockwell College, Cashel.

M.: 1952, Phly Horgan, 5 daughters.

Clubs: Vice-President Dolphin Rugby Club, Cork Golf Club, Lahinch Golf Club.

Address: "Barna" Model Farm Road, Cork.

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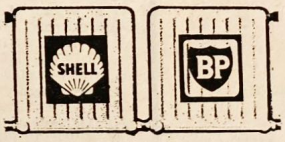

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.....

..... Phone .....

(Continued from Page 25)

O'CONNOR, JOHN, M.Sc., F.S.S., F.I.S., A.I.A., A.C.I.I., Investment Manager New Ireland Assurance Co. Ltd., Director, General Investment Trust Ltd.; Enigma Variations Ltd.; Marlborough Properties Ltd.; Gartan Estates Ltd.; Atlantis Investment Trust Ltd.; Marlborough Holdings Ltd.; Gartan Ltd.

Career: Joined New Ireland Assurance Co. in 1956. Appointed Asmsistant Manager in 1967. Appointed Investment Manager in 1968. Appointed in 1969 member of the G.A.A. Commission. Appointed Chairman of the Government Committee of Inquiry into the Insurance Industry in August 1970. Part-time Lecturer in pointed Assistant Manager in U.C.D. in Portfolio Investment and Econometric Statistics. Elected President of the Insurance Institute of Ireland in May, 1971.

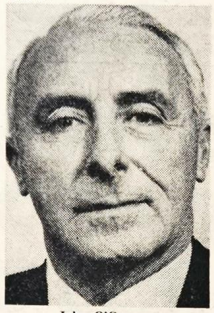
B.: Galway, 31st July, 1929.

Ed.: St. Joseph's, Nuns Island, Galway. University College, Galway. Dublin Institute for Advanced Studies.

M.: 3rd October, 1962, Bridget McGrail, 3 sons, 2 daughters.

Clubs: U.C.D. Rugby Club; United Services Club. Member Society of Investment Analysts, Stastical and Social Enquiry Society of Ireland, Economic and Social Research Institute. Member of Council of Chartered Insurance Institute. Vice-President New Ireland Hurling Club.

Address: "Greenwood," Avoca Avenue, Blackrock, Co. Dublin.



John O'Connor

O'CONNOR, JOHN C., F.C.A., Director, Industrial and Commercial Holdings Ltd., Director Hibernian Insurance Co., Aer Lingus/Aer Rianta Teo., Mercier Press, Ltd., Killarney Hosiery Co. Ltd., John A. Mulcahy Ltd.

Career: Professional Accountant 1938/1964, Financial Director 1967 to date.

B.: Kerry, 1909.

Ed.: St. Brendans, Killarney; Rathmines School of Commerce; University College Cork.

M.: 1945, 3 sons, 4 daughters.

Address: Temple Lawn House, Ballintemple, Co. Cork.

O'NEILL, BRIAN, LL.B., A.C.I.I., Secretary and Accident Manager, Insurance Corporation of Ireland Ltd.

Career: 1946 joined the Insurance Corporation of Ireland. Appointed Inspector 1950. Appointed Asst. Accident Manager 1957. Secretary and Accident Manager 1970. Member Council of Irish Exporters Association.

Ed.: Synge Street C.B.S., London University.

Clubs: Delgany Golf Club.

O'NUALLAIN, PADRAIG SEOSAMH, B.A., B.Comm., F.C.A., Joint Managing Director New Ireland Assurance Co. Ltd.; Director, Irish National Insce. Co. Ltd.; Dungarvan Leathers Ltd.; National Credit Co. Ltd.; General Investment Trust Ltd.; National Credit Investments Ltd.; Setanta Investments Ltd.; The Three Candles Ltd.; Atlantis Ltd.; Eblana Holdings Ltd.

Career: Chief Accountant, Secrtary, Secretary and Director, Joint Managing Director, New Ireland Assce., Co. Ltd.

B.: Dublin, 27th October, 1918.

Ed.: Terenure College, C.B.S. Synge Street. Blackrock College, U.C.D.

M.: 9th February, 1948, Ni Maoil Eoin, 2 sons, 2 daughters.

Clubs: Chairman New Ireland Hurling Club. Member An Taisce, Amnesty International.

Address: 17 Green Park, Orwell Road, Dublin 14.

O'REILLY, BRIAN EDWARD, Joint Managing Director, New Ireland Assurance Co. Ltd.; Director, Jordan Estates Ltd.; General Investments Trust Ltd.; Business Brokers and Investment Co. Ltd.; Enigma Variations Ltd.; Capital and General Investment Trust Ltd.; Gartan Ltd.

B.: Dublin, May, 1914.

Ed.; Synge Street C.B.S., Clongowes Wood College.

M.: 23/8/1939, Marie Barbara Wallen.

Clubs: Elm Park Golf Club, National Yacht Club, Irish Club (London).

Address: "Noil," Glenart Avenue, Blackrock, Co. Dublin.

O'TIGHEARNAIGH, AMBROSE BRENDAN, B.Soc.Sc., B.Comm., M.Econ.Sc. (NUI), A.C.I.I., Agency Manager. New Ireland; Deputy Chairman, Peamount Hospital Inc.; Vice-President The Insurance Institute of Ireland/Dublin.

Career: Agency Manager since 1963. Past President The Insurance Institute of Ireland.

B.: Belfast, 2/5/1925.

Ed.: Synge Street C.B.S., U.C.D.

PALMER, THOMAS MICHELL, Manager for the Republic of Ireland, Friends' Provident and Century Group.

Career : 1927/1947 Friends' Provident and Century Life Office; 1947/1955 Lloyds Brokers; 1955 Rejoined Friends' Provident Overseas; 1961 Appointed to Ireland.

B : Bangor ,Co. Down, 7/2/1911.

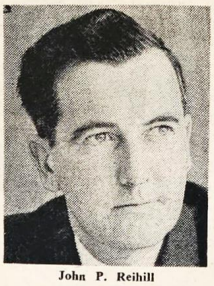
Ed : Royal Academical, Belfast.

M : 1 son, 1 daughter.

Clubs : Royal St. George Yacht Club, Royal Irish Automobile Club, St. Stephen's Green Club.

Address: 5 Sorrento Terrace, Dalkey, Co. Dublin.

R



John P. Reihill

REIHILL, JOHN PHILIP, Director, Irish Life Assurance Co. Ltd.; Director, Andrews Weatherfoil (Ireland) Ltd.; Chairman of The Tedcastle Group, comprising Deepwell Investments Ltd.; Dublin General Warehousing Co. Ltd.; Tedcastle McCormick and Co. Ltd.; The Southern Storage Co. Ltd., Cork; Thos. J. Nicholl and Son Ltd.; Deepwell Motors Ltd., Cork; Wallace Bros. Ltd.; Tedcastle (Tourism), Ltd.; Dublin General Steam Shipping Co. Ltd.; Tedcastle (Engineering) Ltd.; T. and J. Connick, Ltd., Dundalk; Courtown Brick and Tile Works; T. L. McDonald Ltd. (Oil); Dargle and Bray Laundry.

Career: 1 year in U.S.A., thereafter joined the Tedcastle McCormick Group of Companies.

B.: Dublin, 28th June, 1933.

Ed.: Castleknock College, Dublin.

M.: July 26th, 1956, 3 sons, 3 daughters.

Clubs: Milltown Golf Club, Royal St. George Yacht Club, Stephen's Green Club.

Address: "Deepwell," Blackrock, Co. Dublin.

REDMOND, PATRICK WILLIAM, B.A., F.C.A., Assistant General Manager, Insurance Corporation of Ireland Ltd., Chairman Irish Institute of Marine Underwriters, Vice-President Irish Maritime Law Association.

Ed.: St. Mary's College, Rathmines. U.C.D.

Clubs: Royal Aero Club.

ROSS, C. R., M.A., F.F.A., Company Actuary, New Ireland Assurance Co.

Career: 1933/1939, Scottish Widows Fund, 1946/1956 Scottish Widows Fund, 1957 to date. . . .

B.: 6th September, 1912, Isle of Lewis, Scotland.

Ed.: Inverness Royal Academy, Glasgow University, Edinburgh University.

M.: 1948, 2 sons.

Address: Raham, Bray, Co. Wicklow.

RUSSELL, GEORGE GEOFFREY THOMAS, Deputy Chairman, Coyle Hamilton Hamilton Phillips (Group) Ltd., Coyle Hamilton Hamilton Phillips Ltd., Managing Director Hamilton Hamilton Ltd., Director A.L.P.S. Ltd.

Career: 1934/1942 Friends Provident and Century Life. Joined Hamilton and Hamilton 1942. Director 1948. Appointed Joint Managing Director 1962. Managing Director 1970.

B.: 1927.

M.: 3 sons.

Clubs: Wanderers Football Club, Clontarf Football Club, Past President Fitzwilliam L.T.C., Past President and Hon. Secretary Sutton Golf Club. Member, Corporation of Insurance Brokers of Ireland, Insurance Institute of Dublin/Ireland.

RYAN, GERARD RICHARD, General Manager, Irish Catholic Church Property Insurance Co., Ltd.

Career : 1948, joined present company. 1952 appointed Inspector. 1960 appointed Secretary. 1967 appointed Secretary/Manager. 1969 appointed General Manager. **B.:** Cavan, 1930 **Ed.:** St. Patrick's College, Cavan. **M.:** Married, 1 daughter 3 sons. **Address :** 35 Templeville Drive, Terenure, Dublin.

S

SHERIDAN, HUGH, F.C.A., Chief Accountant P.M.P.A. Insurance Co. Ltd., Director Office Machines (Ireland) Ltd.

Career: Joined E. L. Hynes and Co., Chartered Accountants, Galway—9 years. Joined T. Long, Accountants, Limerick 2 years. Joined Newbridge Cutlery, Management Accountant —3 years.

B.: Cavan. 1925

Ed.: St. Mels, Longford. Sacred Heart College, Cork.

M.: 31/3/1959, 4 sons, 1 daughter.

Address: 35 South Park, Foxrock, Co. Dublin.

SHEERAN, EDMOND, A.C.I.I., Director Consolidated Insurance Brokers Ltd.

Career: 1937/1951 Inspector Insurance Corporation of Ireland. 1951/1963 Director Gaw Boardman and Sheeran Brokers Ltd. 1963 to date present position. Past President Dublin Insurance Athletic Society. Captain — Insurance Golfing Society.

B.: Dublin, 1920.

Ed.: C.B.S. Synge Street.

M.: 1948, Veronica Freeney, 2 sons, 1 daughter.

Clubs: Insurance Institute of Ireland, Royal Dublin Society, Corporation of Insurance Brokers, Dublin Chamber of Commerce, Grange and Skerries Golf Clubs.

Address: Kenure House, Butterfield Avenue, Dublin.

SHERIDAN, THOMAS J., Diploma in Life Assurance, Underwriting, Estate Duty and Pensions, Diplomas in Public Relations and Public Speaking. Director, Associated Life and Pensions Services Ltd.

Career: 1964, joined Sun Life of Canada, 1967 joined A.L.P.S.

M.: Married. Aged 28.

Clubs: Monkstown Rugby Club, National Yacht Club, Member Dublin Junior Chamber of Commerce.

SMITH, PATRICK A., P.C., F.C.I.I., Sales Manager Insurance Corporation of Ireland.

B.: Co. Meath.

Ed.: Drogheda C.B.S.

STERRY, JOHN SIDNEY, E.R.D., F.C.I.I., F.C.I.B., Manging Director, A. W. Bain and Sons (Ireland) Ltd.; Director, Bain O'Donnell Ltd.

B.: Gloucester, 9th June, 1928.

Ed.: City of Norwich School.

M.: 1955, Daphne Gifford Loane, 1 son, 1 daughter.

Clubs: Hibernian United Service Club, Howth Golf Club, M.C.C.

Address: 36 Offington Park, Sutton, Dublin.

SUTHERLAND, WILLIAM GEORGE, M.C.I.B.I., Deputy Chairman and Secretary, Mathews, Mulcahy and Sutherland Ltd., Director M. M. and S. (Life and Pensions) Ltd., Mars Holdings Ltd., O'Keeffe's Ltd.

B.: Dublin, 6th June, 1914.

Ed.: Dominican College, Cabra. Blackrock College.

M.: 25th August, 1944, 2 sons, 2 daughters.

Clubs: Royal Dublin Society, R.I.A.C., United Service Club, Dun Laoghaire Golf Club, Insurance Institute of Ireland, Dublin Chamber of Commerce, United States Chamber of Commerce.

Address: "Hillmount," The Hill, Monkstown, Co. Dublin.

T

THOMSON, ALAN K., F.C.I.I., Director, Legal and Commercial (Insurance Brokers) Ltd.

Career: Up to 1970, Royal Insurance Group.

B.: Cork, 1918.

Ed.: Cork Grammar School, Midleton College, Co. Cork.

Clubs: Royal Dublin Society, Royal Zoological Society.

Address: 16 Kilgobbin Heights, Stepaside, Co. Dublin.

TWOHIG, PATRICK KIERAN, Manager (Republic of Ireland) National Mutual Life Association of Australasia.

Career: 1934, entered Norwich Union Life Insurance Society. 1952, Joint Assistant Manager Norwich Union. Member of Insurance Institute of Ireland.

B.: Dublin, 2nd March, 1916.

Ed.: C.B.S. Synge Street, Dublin.

M.: 29/7/1941, Marion Giles Canning, 4 sons, 4 daughters.

Clubs: Executive Member C.Y.M. Sports Club, Dublin.

Address: 91 Cypress Grove Road, Templeogue, Dublin.

WALKER, RALPH, Manager, Republic of Ireland, Sun Life Assurance Co. of Canada.

Career: Sun Life Rep., Dublin 1954. Assistant Manager, Southampton 1959. Manager, Manchester, 1959. Joint Manager Dublin 1963/1969.

B.: Birkenhead, 1922.

Ed.: St. Patricks Cathedral School.

M.: 1949, A. I. Ward, 4 sons.

Clubs: Milltown Golf Club, Hibernian Club.

Address: "Ambleside," Green Park, Rathgar, Dublin 14.

WEST, HUGH CECIL DE LA WARR., LL.B., F.C.I.I., Manager Dublin Branch, Sun Alliance and London Insurance Group Ltd., Managing Director, Patriotic Assurance Co. Ltd.

Career: 1934, Sun Alliance Head Office, London, Branches, Home and Overseas.

B.: England, 1916.

M.: Married, 1 son.

Clubs: Hibernian United Service Club.

Address: Shankill, Co. Dublin.

WILLIS, ROBERT PERCIVAL, M.A., F.I.A., Managing Director, Irish Life Assurance Co.; Director, Cement, Roadstone Holdings; Shamrock (Ireland) Management; Governor, Rotunda Hospital; Erasmus Smith Trust (The High School); Chairman Board of Governors, Hillscourt School.

Career: Irish Life Assurance, Actuary/Deputy General Manager/General Manager.

B.: Dublin, 1923.

Ed.: High School Dublin, U.C.D.

M.: 1953, I son, 2 daughters.

Clubs: Royal Irish Yacht Club, Fitzwilliam Lawn Tennis Club.

Address: "Kilchurn," Castle Close, Castle Park Road, Sandycove, Co. Dublin.

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INTERNATIONAL

FRENCH WITHOUT GEARS

Richaid O'Hagan

LET ME, as they say in Parliament, first declare my interest. I have had an R16TS for more than two years and whilst it would not be strictly true to say that I know every bolt, nut and washer I have better than a fair idea of where they all are and what they all do. So when I come to write about the newest offering in this line I am open to accusations of a pro-bias and to murmurings about pride of possession and such-like jazz. It must be remembered, however, that the corollary of all this is that I know the shortcomings of the breed much better than could ever be assessed from a few hundred miles road testing.

One of the things I find astonishing about Renault vis-a-vis the opposition is that they appear to understand, and build in, comfort to a degree that only the very best of the competition is able to match. The seating in any Renault—even the R4L which outwardly resembles a tractor's miscarriage—is so far ahead of the game as to be unbelievable. Why the said opposition cannot acquire any one of Regie's products, strip the furniture, study it and then build facsimiles, is a mystery I have not yet fathomed; I cannot imagine that seat building is the most esoteric of the arts. And, in Renault 16TS, this comfort is allied to hush which makes that car, when it is up and running, one of the quietest in almost any class.

What is particularly attractive about the ensemble is that everything one could want seems to come as part of the fittings; there is no catalogue of optional extras with the TS. Heated rear window; electric sliding roof and front-door windows a la James Bond; reversing lights; spot lamps; servo-assisted brakes with limiting valve to prevent rear-wheel locking; a fifth door and seven permutations of the rear seats and backrests so that the basic boot capacity can be expanded from 12½ to 25½ cubic feet and, additionally, spare wheel stowed on top of the engine to give even more uncluttered luggage space; rev counter; clock; alternator; electric fan thermostatically switched; headlights adjustable for load; wet liners used in the cylinders so that they can be tapped out and replaced without changing bore sizes; cigar lighter or, even, cigarette lighter for those who can't afford cigars; warning lamps to advise that the rear window is being heated; the handbrake is on; the brake pads are worn. . .

The urge for all this comes from a 1,565 c.c. motor equipped with a Weber twin-choke down-draught carburettor; it takes about 12 seconds from zero to 60 mph and delivers about 103 mph top speed. It appreciates firm positive booting and if you want to make time you have to boot it firmly and positively. Its optimum cruising speed is, I estimate, around 75 and at that speed it is operating well within itself at about 3,800 rpm and breathing easily.

Handling a car configured like the TS takes just a little getting used to if one wishes to wring the best from it. The gearbox — whether manually-shifted or automatic — is mounted ahead of the engine (a fact that undoubtedly helps to contribute to the hush) and so there is a fair amount of weight on the front wheels. Since these are also the driven wheels it follows that the steering is heavyish at slow speeds and parking involves a certain amount of bicep work; nor is this aided by an appreciable amount of the ass end being out of sight of the driver. There is, as well, a marked degree of body roll and those who are car-sickness prone have been known to green slightly when it is being thrown through a series of bends. But since the suspension is independent all round what matters is that the wheels really stick on and the afore-mentioned comfort and lateral support of the seats isolates all but the most queasy from this heeling over. And what one quickly learns is that, as with all front-wheel-driven cars, the simple trick is to keep her at it and when in any doubt keep the boat firmly on the gas.

The main annoyances with this car are the handbrake —a pull out and twist effort the cable of which quite rapidly goes off optimum adjustment and thus seems to come up for ever—and the location of the ignition cum steering lock key. If the latter seems a trivial thing about which to crib let me say that I speak from the scars of a hundred fiddlings and fumblings and I have no doubt that the intensity of my language as I strove to engage it in the concealed lock must have caused its designer to stir uneasily in his Gallic slumbers.

But now Renault have painted this overall lily by offering it with an automatic shift (it is otherwise as I have described it above). This shift they acquired from Borg Warner and modified with a relay switching assembly of their own; the various positions are lever selected and drag a needle across an indicator on the bottom of the speedometer face.

At no less than £200 extra, this device did not strike me as the bargain of the year; it operates quite smoothly and is singularly clunkless but it is a three-speed box for all that and I do not really believe that a 1600 c.c. engine pulling 2,337 lbs of car is in any way enhanced by a unit of this type since these parameters really require as many gears as you can get. And, as well, the extra weight of these automatics add to an already fairly burdened front end and so makes the slow-speed steering even heavier. Nor are the TS, as a marque, terribly thrifty on the essence —26/27 mpg is par for the course—and the extra drag of the automatic shift reduces this, I estimate, to somewhere around 23/24. In the perspective of a manual, column shift which is extremely good; I don't see the automatic as a proposition at all and the extra two hundred notes makes it even more difficult to discern.

Engine: 1,565 c.c., 4-cylinder, ohv, front-mounted driving front wheels; c/r 8.6:1; developing 83 bhp (DIN) at 5,750 and 87 ft/lbs torque at 3,500 rpm.

Transmission: 3 speed automatic (Four speed manual column-shifted box also available): front wheels driven by two constant-velocity-jointed shafts.

Suspension: Independent all round; torsion bars; anti-roll bars; trailing arms; (Rack and Pinion steering).

Dimensions: Overall length 13' 10½"; width 5' 5"; height 4' 9"; ground clearance 6"; maximum payload 982 lbs.

Costs: Price £2,049 (£1,849 with manual shift). Road Tax £38 p.a.

CPM GROUP

CLONDALKIN PAPER MILLS LTD.

Annual General Meeting

THE THIRTY-FOURTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Company was held in Jury's Hotel, Dublin, on Friday, 25th June, 1971. The Directors present were: Mr. E. J. P. O'Brien, Chairman, Dr. C. A. Cusack, Managing Director, Mr. W. Ferguson, Mr. C. W. Gibson, Mr. G. F. P. Guy, Mr. M. J. McCabe, Mr. J. J. O'Toole, Mr. D. H. Tannam and Mr. B. C. L. Wynne. In attendance was Mr. P. J. Egan, Secretary. Apologies were received from Dr. M. W. O'Reilly, Mrs. J. J. Walsh and Mr. E. S. Gibson.

The following is the Statement of the Chairman, Mr. E. J. P. O'Brien, circulated with the Report and Accounts for the year ended 31st January, 1971.

In a year, the earlier months of which were beset with difficulties mainly because of woodpulp prices and the last quarter of which saw an unprecedented depression in the world paper industry, it is not surprising that Clondalkin Paper Mills Group results are disappointing. Unhappily, these conditions have continued into the first quarter of the current year. However, as I said last year, we are a very strong Company indeed, both in plant and personnel, and while many mills, some with household names in the paper industry, have been forced to shut, Clondalkin has not fallen below a five-day week operation. Indications are that the worst could be over, our order book is improving, progress has been made in diversifying into higher quality, specialized papers, and we have strengthened very considerably our marketing organization, particularly in the U.K., to take full advantage of conditions as they improve.

Profits

The consolidated accounts of the Group for the year ended 31st January, 1971 show a pre-tax profit of £404,415. The taxation charged to the accounts is £108,263. Our last published accounts, made up to 31st January, 1970, adjusted to an annual basis and including the comparable attributable profits of C. B. Paper Sacks Ltd., equate to a pre-tax profit of £692,350. As you will recall, our last published accounts, which showed a pre-tax profit of £891,288, comprised the results of Clondalkin Paper Mills, Ltd., for 17 months, Swift Brook Paper Mills Ltd., for 13 months and Gibson, Guy and Smalldridge Ltd., for 12 months, so that direct comparison is not possible. However, for comparison purposes, these results have been adjusted to an annual rate of profit for each Company in the following table:

	Year ended 31st Jan., 1971	Last published Accounts adjusted to an annual rate of profit
Clondalkin Paper Mills	£406,479	£482,951
Swift Brook Paper Mills	31,796	39,101
Gibson, Guy & Smalldridge	52,211	130,221
C.B. Paper Sacks	171,608	137,536
	662,094	789,809
Less Interest	257,679	97,459
Net Profit before taxation	£404,415	£692,350

Due to heavy capital expenditure over the past years and, indeed, in the year under review, the effects of the retrospective increase made in October, 1970, in corporate taxation have been diluted in the case of the Clondalkin Paper Mills Group. Nevertheless, included in the taxation provision of £108,263 is an amount of approximately £14,000 for retrospective tax.

In conformity with current accounting practice, there have been included in the Group's accounts the attributable profits of Clondalkin's Associated Company, C. B. Paper Sacks Ltd., for 1970, instead of dividends received as heretofore. This has had the effect of increasing the Group's pre-tax profits by £65,000 for the year under review. For comparison purposes, the attributable profits of C. B. Paper Sacks Ltd., for the previous year, have been incorporated in the above table and, as can be seen, a satisfactory improvement has been achieved. Reflected in the Balance Sheet is Clondalkin's interest in the net assets of C.B. Paper Sacks Ltd., instead of the cost of the investment as in previous years.

During the year there were substantial increases in the costs of pulp, wages and salaries, fuel and power, insurances and services without commensurate increases in selling prices. Because of Government price control policy there were restrictions in the recovery of increases in costs outside our control. As a result, we could obtain higher prices for certain of our products on the export market than on the home market.

The increase in interest charges of £160,000 is accounted for to the extent of approximately £50,000 due to the Bank closure, and £50,000 due to the financing of pulp stocks. The increase in pulp stocks arose from the necessity for making definite commitments for pulp during 1969, when there was an acute shortage of pulp, for delivery during 1970. The addition to fixed assets of over half a million pounds was also a significant factor in the increase in interest charges.

Trading conditions during the last three months of the financial year deteriorated at an unforeseen and disastrous rate. Demand fell to such an extent that production was curtailed. This has serious adverse repercussions in a capital-intensive industry. Only by producing certain marginal grades was the curtailment limited so as to permit running a five-day week. Equally, difficulties were experienced by the Swift Brook Paper Mills. The reduced demand prevailed during the first quarter of the current financial year, and due to an excessive accumulation of inventory of finished stocks it was necessary to discontinue the operation of one of our paper-making machines at Swift Brook, resulting regrettably in the loss of employment for 64 people.

In the Gibson, Guy and Smalldridge Group, the performance of Bailey Gibson Ltd., has been a severe disappointment. There was a grave setback in activity particularly in the earlier part of the year in the litho carton section, coupled with sharp price competition. Severe price competition was also experienced in the paper bag market throughout the year. Every aspect of the Company's activities has been, and continues to be, under careful scrutiny. Already, a considerable measure of reorganisation has been effected. It can be reported that the turnover of the Company during the first three months of the current financial year has been increased substantially over the corresponding period last year. However, price competition remains severe and costs continue to rise. Equally, the performance of Irish Art Publications was highly unsatisfactory. A loss of approximately £6,000 was incurred of which £3,000 is borne by Gibson, Guy and Smalldridge Ltd. Guy and Company Ltd., a Company heavily reliant on security printing, made a creditable contribution, despite the prolonged bank closure.

Dividends

The Directors declared an interim dividend of 6% less income tax which was paid on 11th December, 1970 and they now propose a final dividend of 6¼% less income tax, making a total of 12¼% for the year. This compares to an annual rate of 15¾% paid in respect of the accounting period to 31st January, 1970. An amount of £30,000 has been appropriated to Pension Reserve to which £34,941 has been debited.

Research and Development

In pursuit of our policy of diversification into speciality grades, heavy expenses were incurred. The products mainly involved were coated woodfree and mechanical content papers. Having regard to the fact that we can produce 18,000 tons per year of mechanical pulp from native timber, emphasis has been laid especially on coated mechanical content grades, and I am happy to report that one grade has been brought to the marketing stage with a potential sales volume of at least 4,000 tons per year. As can be expected in developing any new products, not all the new ideas which we have endeavoured to develop have yet been successful: development work continues on certain grades of woodfree coated paper. This diversification policy also involves a substantial increase in the quantity of paper in sheet form, and to cope with that increase a modern high speed precision cutter was commissioned during the year. As is not infrequently the case in such ventures, the commissioning of the cutter was difficult and costly, in terms of high wastage of paper and low output. However, the equipment is now performing satisfactorily.

As a result of our expanded Research and Development activities, our costs under this head have increased sharply, and of the total costs incurred during the year, £86,121 has been charged against General Reserve to which £80,000 has been appropriated out of this year's profits. I cannot over-emphasise the importance of Research and Development for the future wellbeing of your Company, particularly having regard to oncoming free trade conditions. Our Paper Mill is a comparatively small one by international standards. We are dependant in large measure on imports of raw materials, and consequently we cannot compete profitably in the production of ordinary grades against international integrated pulp and paper mills, with their resultant lower raw materials costs and economies of scale. It is therefore vital that our policy of diversification into specialized grades with a higher added value is pursued aggressively.

Exports

Despite the depression in the U.K. market, we maintained our exports at the 30% level. Heretofore, our exports were confined mainly to the north of England, where they are handled by C.P.M. Paper Sales Ltd. Expansion of the marketing and sales area has been brought about by the appointment, as our Sole Agents from 1st April, 1971, of Savory Bros. Agencies Ltd., a firm of reputable and dynamic Paper Agents with their headquarters in London, to service London and the south of England. Savory's are an old established and well known firm having wide connections with converters and merchants. Concurrently, our own sales force has also been considerably strengthened, and as a result, we are now fully equipped to take advantage of any market opportunities as they arise.

Future Prospects

Undoubtedly, the paper industry faces very difficult conditions indeed. I am not alone in holding this opinion, as, no doubt, you will have read recent reports by Chairmen of many large Paper Companies who appear to hold the view that recovery will be slow and that it will be possibly the fourth quarter of this year before a degree of normality returns. However, in contrast to the closure of a number of mills in the U.K. and Scandinavia, and short time working, the Clondalkin Mill has not fallen below a five-day activity. The easing in supplies, though not price-wise, of wood-pulp has made it possible to operate with lower inventories, generally resulting in reduced interest charges.

The paper industry, being essentially a service industry is directly geared to general economic conditions. There are so many imponderable factors affecting world economic conditions that it is beyond my powers to give a definite prognosis of the outcome of the year ahead of us. All authorities do, however, expect world economies to have returned to normal activity in 1972 and I believe that the industry will show a growing improvement starting in the latter half of this year. Our plant and equipment is modern and well maintained and we have competent personnel who are prepared to face the challenge of the future.

This has been a difficult year and my thanks are due to my colleagues, our Managing Director, and all employees in the Group for their devoted efforts to overcome the many problems which have faced us.

The Report and Accounts were adopted and a final dividend of 6¼% less Income Tax was declared making a total of 12¼% for the year. Dr. M. W. O'Reilly, Mr. C. W. Gibson and Mr. J. J. O'Toole who retired by rotation were re-elected, as were also Mr. G. F. P. Guy and Mr. B. C. L. Wynne, both of whom had been co-opted to the Board during the year.

FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

hibernia

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IN HIS VALEDICTORY COLUMN in the last issue of *Hibernia*, Proinsias MacAonghusa wrote that he had come to the paragraph that "I least wish to write and which I prefer did not have to be written." But as he failed to give any reason for his 'retirement' I think it desireable that the record should be set straight. Proinsias has withdrawn from *Hibernia* because the terms of his new contract with R.T.E. preclude him from writing on current affairs in Irish newspapers or journals. He had been contributing a regular column to the *Munster Express* as well as to *Hibernia*. His new contract meant that both these columns had to be discontinued. Proinsias decided to accept the limitations imposed by R.T.E. and he advised me of his intentions early in May.

This record is set out, because, as contempt of court proceedings against him, and *Hibernia*, and me as Editor, in relation to certain statements by Proinsias in our editions of March 5th, 1971, and April 2nd, 1971, are currently pending, readers might presume that the two developments were related. In fact they are purely co-incidental.

Proinsias has been contributing his 'Personally Speaking' column to *Hibernia* since July, 1969, and as the evidence of the letters columns has shown, he has never failed to strike a responsive cord in readers. In other words he has never been dull.

But of course he was controversial—and readers reacted very differently to him. Of the many replies (over 400 so far) received to the questionnaire contained in our last issue, Proinsias's column was singled out for more bouquets *and* brickbats than any other single feature in the Review. And significantly many readers added a personal comment concerning his very individualistic brand of journalism. Taken together they probably summarise fairly accurately what *Hibernia* readers think about Proinsias MacAonghusa. So to complete the record, we decided to print the latest twenty comments received without selection and without any editing.—**Ed.**

Proinsias MacAonghusa is most readable, but talks a lot of theatrical, impractical rubbish. It's a world of selfish men and socialism/communism does not work.

FITTER—25-34.

* * *

I wish Proinsias MacAonghusa a quick return.

INSURANCE BROKER—25-34.

Proinsias MacAonghusa is the principal reason for reading *Hibernia*. Now that he is leaving your pages, I shall purchase only one more issue to see what replacement you come up with.

AUTHOR—45-54.

* * *

Get MacAonghusa back no matter what it costs! Down with CANT and HYPOCRISY in Holy Ireland!

TEACHER—34-44.

Astringent editorial material and Investigations have given *Hibernia* much more impact in the past 15th months. Also the eccentricities of Proinsias MacAonghusa's Personally Speaking have helped.

TEACHER—25-34.

* * *

BOUQUETS: Proinsias is irrepressible and will be missed; your political reporting and editorials are clear and usually unemotonal and factual.

TEACHER—25-34.

* * *

From any view point *Hibernia* must rank with outstanding similar publications in any country. I am not aware of any weaknesses. I am sorry to see Proinsias go.

PROFESSOR POLITICAL SCIENCE—25-34

* * *

Hibernia is a good lively informative magazine. However, I feel that you are losing much with the departure of Proinsias MacAonghusa. I have always found his column most interesting, lively and informative.

STUDENT—16-24.

* * *

Yes. Bring back MacAonghusa.

CAR RENTAL EXECUTIVE—25-34.

* * *

Going to miss Proinsias.

SECURITY OFFICER—25-34.

* * *

Sorry to see Proinsias go—always very readable.

UNIVERSITY LECTURER—25-34.

* * *

Delighted that Proinsias MacAonghusa has written his last column.

NATIONAL ORGANISER—45-54.

* * *

I think you should dispense with "Personally Speaking"—it is out of keeping with the reasoned and usually well substantiated comment in the rest of your paper.

MEDICAL PRACTITIONER—45-54.

* * *

Get Proinsias back! He's wild at times, but very necessary to Irish journalism.

HIGH SCHOOL TEACHER—25-34.

* * *

At first I thought that *Hibernia* was going to be a worthy successor of the best periodical of my time i.e. Geo. Russell's *Irish Statesman* but it has sadly disappointed me. In particular I see no point in tormenting myself with continuing doses of MacAonghusa's scurrility and am therefore not renewing my subscription.

FARMER—55.

* * *

With the departure of Proinsias MacAonghusa I would very much like to see a similar type columnist replace him. I would consider it good for *Hibernia* and reader alike.

PUBLICAN—25-34.

Proinnsias MacAonghusa's outspokenness and originality is marred by irresponsibility and by unresaonableness on several topics.

STUDENT—16-24.

* * *

Every now and then the BACK PAGE could concentrate on some burning topic . . . Imeacht gan teacht ar Mary Kenny agus "Prawnface" MacAonghusa. Ni fearr ann iad araon . . .

HARDWARE RETAILER—55.

* * *

Bring back Proinnsias.

ADVERTISING EXECUTIVE—25-34.

* * *

Since filling in this questionnaire I have read Proinnsias MacAonghusa's last paragraph. It is a shame that a man whose pen was mightier than his sword in exposing the wrongs of our society should stop writing even for a short time. Mr. Ed., bring him back at your earliest convenience for the benefit of the poor exploited people of Ireland.

CIVIL SERVANT—25-34.

GETTING IN ON THE ACT

SHRDLU

Bernard Share

I'M SORRY to have to mention contraception again (I got on the wrong train, and spent a fascinating day in the Kingscourt brickworks) but for me there is a deeply sentimental nostalgia attached to saying goodbye to anything — the last tram, the mother-in-law, the pub, doomed to plasticisation . . . and now, it seems, we are about to wave contraception from the scene, for a good while anyway. Something is afoot in the Dail, it would appear, that will rule out all debate on the grounds that the matter is now *sub judice*. And such are the chill winds blowing these days in the corridors of the Fourth Estate that the national press will probably think it wisest to refrain from comment until our rulers have decided for us whether or not we want to preserve our coveted position at the top of the illegitimacy table together with our valuable export trade in pregnant girls.

So there! That's the last you'll get out of me on the whole bloody issue, just in case. Like anyone else who has watched a couple of solicitors passing the deeds of a house from one to the other and clocking up fifty quid for each attenuated wrist movement, I have an unhealthy respect for the law in all its manifestations. This arises, I think, not so much out of the solemnity with which it dispatches ordinary killers to Mountjoy and killers with motorcars back to their wives and families as from the language in which the whole thing operates. Management jargon, cold-war jargon, advertising jargon; they are only trotting after the legal boyos, who centuries before any of them appeared upon the scene could come up with stuff like: "Nothing in this Act shall prevent any person from being liable to be indicted or punished under any other act, *or otherwise* . . .". Otherwise? That's something that gives food for thought (or rather drink — since the quotation is from the Licensing Act of 1872, 35 and 36 Vic., Chap. 94). A nice chap. Vic. but he could be dangerous if his *sub judice* business really catches on. Here, after all, is the perfect form of censorship — no need for any commissions, appeal boards, committees, or other time-wasting democratic nonsense. All it will be necessary to do is for some biddable right thinking individual to announce that he is going to bring a private action against the Attorney General, or whoever might be the proper authority on, say the offence caused to public morals and the national image by people using four-letter words in public places. From the moment the bill is filed or lodged, or whatever is the appropriate gesture, it will become a matter of serious import for anyone to be heard using the said word (I'm sorry I can't print it, but, who knows, it might have been placed *sub judice* in the last five minutes) until the matter has been decided by the relevant judicial body and buried under the statutory quantity of paper and green tape. And of course there would be nothing to prevent the lynx-eyed members of the Licensed Vintners Association grasping the implications of Otherwise in 35 and 36 Vic. Chap. 94:

Two pints please.

(the curtain falls to indicate the passing of time).

Two pints, Sir.

How much? I suppose forty will cover it anyway . . .

That will be fifty-three new pence, Sir.

. . . (Four letter word sub judice). Are you selling me the whole pub as well? The Fair Trade Commission . . .

May I remind you, Sir, that the price of the pint is currently the subject of a private action brought by a prominent member of Mise Eire (North Earl street) and therefore sub judice. In the circumstances it is my duty to warn you that anything you say . . .

I hereby serve notice that I am instituting a private actionality of the (contraconcept?) of *sub judice* as it is applied in Irish Law, and that pending a decision by the courts . . .